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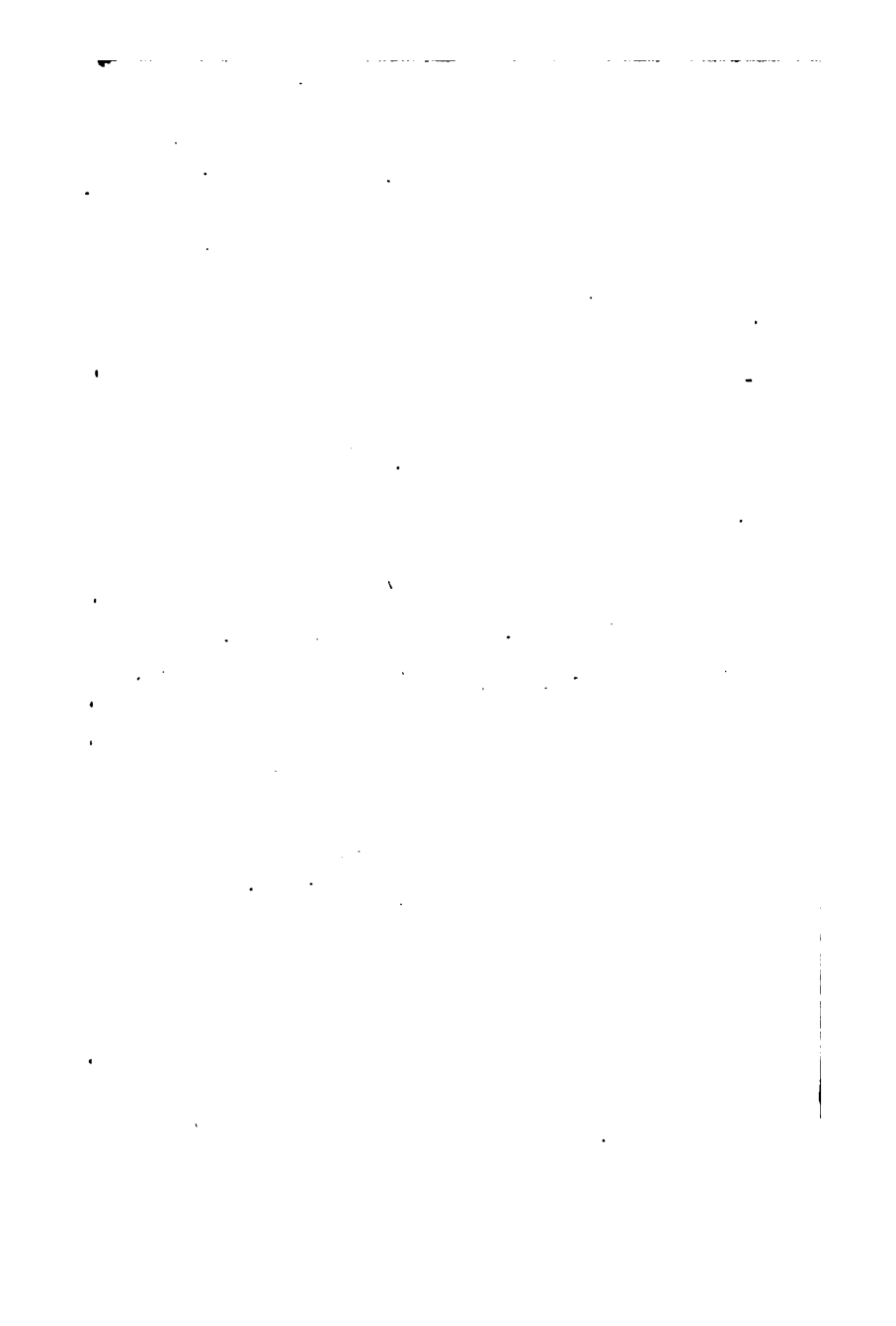


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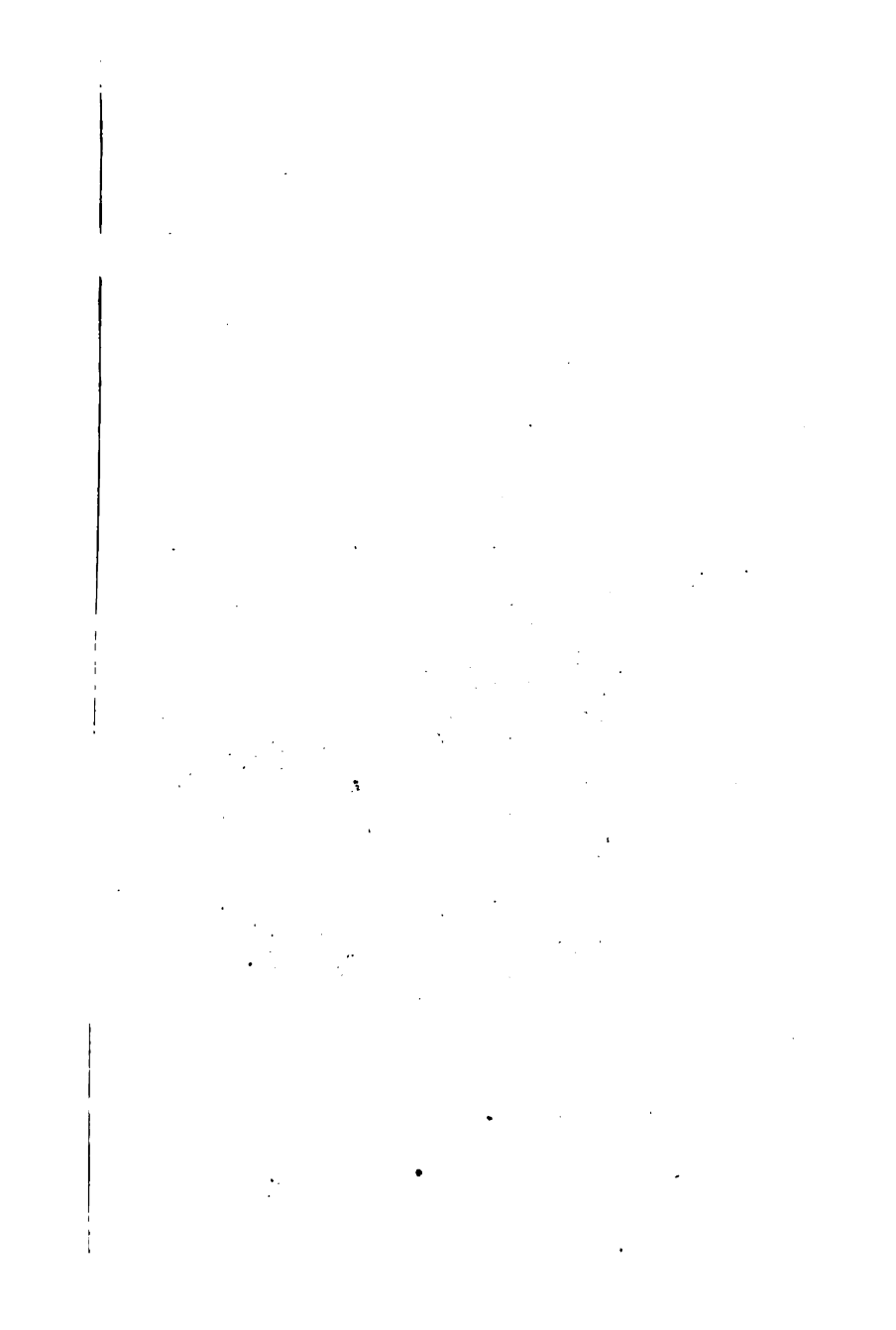




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HINDOO TEMPLE AT CYAH, BAHAR.

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# WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING:

## A MISCELLANY OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. IV.  
FOR THE YEAR MDCCCXLVII.



INTERIOR OF A TEMPLE ON THE ROCK OF TRICHINOPOLY.

LONDON:  
SOLD AT THE WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE,  
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ALSO BY JOHN MASON, 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.  
JANUARY, 1847.

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TEMPLE AT GAYAH, IN INDIA.

WITH A COLOURED VIEW.

IN India the trees are beautiful. The rivers and the plains are very beautiful at certain seasons of the year. In no country is there a greater richness and variety in the productions of nature. Many of the temples are also very beautiful buildings to look at from a distance.

The temple of Gayah is built of solid stone, and has stood for many ages. There is no entrance for light or air, except by a small door; so that the idols dwell in continual darkness, faintly relieved by the light of small lamps.

Those who worship the idols are also in great darkness; they need the light of the Gospel, and the teaching of God's Holy Spirit.

Notwithstanding the beauty of their country and the elegance of their temples, the Hindoos are miserable because they are Heathen.

They will become some of the happiest people in the world when they embrace Christianity. They will then admire the wisdom and goodness of God, the Creator, when they look at their beautiful trees and rivers, and plains and mountains; and they will more admire his mercy and love in teaching them to "seek a better country, that is, a heavenly," and in calling them through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ to inherit "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

"The new Jerusalem, sent down from God," shall exceed in splendour all the cities and all the temples upon earth. May our young readers "enter through the gates

into the city," into "the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!"

### PETITION FOR A MISSIONARY.

A FEW months ago the news arrived of the death of the Rev. Mr. Skevington, Missionary in Waimate, New-Zealand. He had left his Station to attend the District-Meeting; and, while at service in the chapel, he was taken ill suddenly and died. Some Christian New-Zealanders, who had accompanied him from Waimate, carried him to the grave, and were much affected at the loss of their "father," as they called him. The day after his funeral they wrote to the Rev. Walter Lawry, who is the Superintendent, to ask him to send another Missionary to their Station. The following is a translation of their letter:—

FRIENDS,—My Bishop, Mr. Lawry, my Ministers Whiteley, Wallis, Buddle, Buller, Buttle, Turton, Smales, this is my word to you, do you attend to my thought. My desire is fully settled upon Mr. Ironside to be a Minister for our place. My Minister is gone to heaven; our thoughts are all agreed towards Mr. Ironside to be a Minister for our place. Wellington, Thomas, Abraham, David, all of us have settled in our minds to have Mr. Ironside as Minister for our place,—the place of us two, of me and my father, Mr. Skevington. It is our wish that it should be done quickly, even this year, a Minister for the station of our father, to follow up his plans; that is, our assemblies, which he and I had appointed. Three assemblies we had appointed for this year: one in the chapel, another at Mawafou, and a third for Wangalhu.

This is my thought which I say, let us have Mr. Ironside to be a Minister for Ngateko, that is, for Waimate.

Friend Mr. Lawry, are my thoughts wrong? But in my judgment they are right. I am not willing for my place to be left long without a Minister; but let it be occupied, let Mr. Ironside be appointed.

Friend Mr. Lawry, do consent now to my wishes. Friends, my Ministers, do you all consent. Had not Mr.

Skevington settled down upon my place, my people had gone over to the church of outward ceremonies.\*

Friend Mr. Lawry, consent you, that the hearts of us orphans may soon be light (or glad). Our father, who would have taken care of us, is dead. This is all from

HOMAI A. ORTON.

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## MISSIONARY DANGERS.

### LOSS OF THE "TANJORE."

It was in the year 1820 that Mr. Hoole and Mr. Mowat left England to go to India as Missionaries to the Heathen. They had a favourable voyage, agreeable company on board, a fine new ship, and a good Captain: every thing was prosperous and pleasant, till they arrived within a few days' sail of Madras.

It was on Wednesday, the 6th of September, after they had landed some of the passengers at Batticaloa, in Ceylon, they again stood out to sea, and made for Madras. The day had been very hot, and in the evening a heavy storm of thunder and lightning came on, the rain soon came down in torrents, and drove every one below for shelter. Mr. Hoole sat in the cuddy till past eight o'clock, watching the storm, when there came a flash of lightning which seemed to set the whole sky in a blaze; it was accompanied with a loud cracking noise. One of the passengers who was reading by the glare was thrown down, and two seamen were killed in a moment. The lightning had struck the ship, and then there was the cry, "Fire in the hold! fire below!" The cargo had taken fire.

In a moment all hands were on deck, buckets were supplied in abundance, the pumps were worked, all helped to put out the fire. When the hatches were taken off to pour water into the hold, flames and clouds of smoke came out as from a furnace. It was soon found that all exertion was vain,—the vessel must perish.

When the people on board found that they could not

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\* The Puseyite Church.—EDITOR.



put the fire out, they ran to the boats ; the long-boat had taken fire ; so they had but two they could use, called the yawl and the gig. The Captain had told Mr. Hoole that these two boats would not hold all the ship's company ; but they were obliged to try. Then with some difficulty they lowered them into the sea. There were two ladies on board, and one of them had retired to rest for the night before the ship took fire. She was hurried from her bed, and, with the other lady, first put into the yawl ; then some other passengers, Mr. Hoole, and part of the crew ; and their weight sank the boat nearly to the water's edge. The Captain, the Mate, and the rest of the crew, filled the smaller boat. Many of the party who had gone to their hammocks before the vessel was on fire were half naked, but were supplied with trousers and jackets by some of the seamen who were on watch, and who, in consequence of the heavy rain, had put on a great deal of clothing. It was now nine o'clock, the storm raged dreadfully. Providentially, the sea was very still, or the boats must have sunk, they were so heavily laden. They had brought with them from the ship two compasses, a few candles, one of them lighted, one bottle of wine, and another of porter, a blanket, a table-cloth, and a knife ; but the fire raged so fiercely, that neither bread nor water could be got.

Their first care was to get clear of the ship, lest she should explode and sink them ; but to their great distress they discovered that the yawl had no rudder, and in the two boats there were only three oars. As the gig had a rudder, they threw a rope from it to the yawl to tow the yawl along. They found a few spars of wood at the bottom of the yawl, and these they used as well they could instead of oars, to move themselves slowly through the water.

There was another danger which often terrified them : the sails of the ship were still spread and drenched with rain ; so that they did not take fire, and sometimes the wind changed and drove the ship nearer to them. They managed, however, by degrees to get further off ; and by the help of the compass, which they could see by the light of the candle, they directed their

course towards land. About ten o'clock they saw the masts of the ship fall over the side, and the vessel seemed burnt down to the water's edge. What must their feelings have been ! An hour before they were in a good ship, just going to rest peacefully for the night ; now they were in open boats on the wide ocean, not knowing whether they should ever see land again. There were forty-eight persons in the boats ; and all, excepting the two ladies, helped to row. After some time the rain ceased ; so they had not so much trouble in baling. The crew in the two boats often hailed one another during the night to cheer each other. As day broke, a column of smoke was rising from the "Tanjore," and they saw it no more. When the sun arose, to their great joy they saw land ; but they found when they got a little nearer to it that it was a wild country, with such a rocky coast that they could not land.

They were again almost in despair, when, about seven o'clock, they saw a dhoney, or native vessel, lying at some distance. They tried hard to reach it ; in one boat they contrived to stretch out the table-cloth as a sail, and in the other boat the butcher's blanket. The sun was getting very hot. Some of the seamen grew so thirsty from heat and fatigue, that they began to drink salt water. If relief had not come, they would all soon have been in dreadful suffering. Just before noon they reached the dhoney. The natives at first did not like to take them in ; but the company of the "Tanjore" would take no denial. One of the passengers could speak Singhalese, and he told them who they were, and that they wanted to be taken to land ; and he promised they should be well paid for their trouble. When the natives understood what they wanted, they were very kind, and gave them water and food. They told the Englishmen that Trincomallee, one of the Mission Stations, was not far off, and promised to take them there. They sailed a little way that day, and then cast anchor for the night ; and the next morning they again weighed anchor, and in a few hours, by the good providence of God, they were safely landed at Trincomallee.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

MAN the life-boat ! man the life-boat !  
Hearts of oak, your succour lend ;  
See, the shattered vessel staggers,  
Quick, O quick assistance send.

See the ark of refuge launching,  
See her hardy crew prepare  
For the dangerous work of mercy :  
Gallant British hearts are there.

Now the fragile boat is hanging  
On the billows' feathery height ;  
Now, 'midst fearful depths descending,  
While we sicken at the sight.

Courage ! courage ! she 's in safety,  
See again her buoyant form,  
By His gracious hand uplifted,  
Who controls the raging storm.

With her precious cargo freighted,  
Now the life-boat nears the shore ;  
Parents, brethren, friends, embracing  
Those they thought to see no more.

Blessings on the dauntless spirits,  
Dangers thus who nobly brave ;  
Ready life and limb to venture,  
So they may a brother save !

Christian, pause, and deeply ponder,  
Is there nothing you can do ?  
The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,  
Have they not a voice for you ?

There 's a storm, a fearful tempest,  
Souls are sinking in despair ;  
There 's a shore of blessed refuge,  
Try, O try to guide them there.

O, remember Him who saved you,  
 Whose right hand deliverance wrought,  
 Who, from depths of guilt and anguish,  
 You to peace and safety brought.

'T is His voice now cheers you onward,  
 "He that winneth souls is wise:"  
 Launch the Gospel's blessed life-boat,  
 Venture all to win the prize.

*M \* \* M.*

### FORMER TIMES.

A GREAT many years ago, before the Wesleyan Missions were much thought of, a gentleman wrote to say he would send a hundred pounds for the Missions. The Secretary was astonished at so large a sum being given, and showed the letter to the Committee; and they all thought that the gentleman could not be in his right mind to give away so much money, and that, before they took it, they had better make some inquiries about him.

In answer to these inquiries, they were told that the gentleman knew very well what he was doing, and that he wished to devote a hundred pounds to send a Missionary to the Heathen.

This explanation quite satisfied the Committee; and they were very glad to take the money.

Blessed be God, things are altered now; for when a kind friend gives a thousand pounds for the Missions, instead of thinking he is mad, we see that he is only just getting the right use of his senses, in feeling it to be his duty to give back to God part of the property with which He has intrusted him.

### JESUS THE SAVIOUR OF CHILDREN.

BY MRS. LUKE.

OUR dear Redeemer does save the children. He saves many of them from death now, besides saving them from eternal death hereafter. I will tell you of one or two cases to prove that this is true.

There is a country in South Africa called Kafferland or Kaffraria. Heathen tribes had lived there for a hundred and fifty years before Christians thought of sending the Gospel to them. They were dark, fierce-looking, dirty, unclothed savages ; they dreaded death, and had a horror of the dead. They often left their sick friends to die alone. They did not know what we know, that

"Death cannot make our souls afraid,  
If God be with us here ;  
We may walk through its darkest shade,  
And never yield to fear."

But there are many Missionaries there now from Scotland and England too, and many Christian Kaffers rejoicing in the Gospel.

Kaffraria is a hot and thirsty land. There are lions too, and wolves, and jackals, and hyenas, and birds of prey. The children cannot run about in safety there as they can in Scotland.

It was in this same country of Kaffraria, some few years since, that what I am now going to tell you happened. In the open field, beneath the shade of a wild thorn tree, a little sick girl was laid. She was only about two years old. She was all alone. No mother's arm was laid under the little sufferer's head ; no mother's gentle voice soothed her pain and restlessness. If she called for her father and mother, they could not hear her. She was too little, too weak, and too ill, to find her way home. I do not know whether she saw the carrion bird stooping over her, and waiting for her infant eye to close in death ; but she could hear the roar of the lion, and the howl of the wolf. Young as she was, she could understand those sounds. How frightened she must have been as night drew on ! How she must have shivered with cold and fear !

Have you a dear little sister of two years old that can just run alone, and has just begun to talk, that comes to be taken on your knee, and puts her tiny arms round your neck ? If you have, you will know how to pity the Kaffer child.

The little one grew worse and worse, and was getting

very near to death. Suddenly a step was heard, a strong arm was laid under her, she was lifted from the ground, her father was carrying her home, she had medicine, and kind words, and gentle treatment, and she recovered.

There were no doctors, no medicine among the Kaffers. When any were sick, they were carried into the woods to die. But a Missionary had come to Kaffraria, and the father was at the Mission station when the mother sent word that the child was dying. The Missionary gave him medicine for her. He went home and asked for his little girl; he found her and brought her home. She lived. She had been saved by the Gospel.

Now listen to something which happened in another part of Kaffraria. It was evening, and there was a great stir in a Kaffer kraal (or village). A small grave was dug, and a little girl of seven years old was going to be buried alive. The people were not doing this exactly out of cruelty; but food was scarce, and they thought it was better to kill her than to let her starve. Even her mother seems to have thought so too! but, ah! which of your mothers would not rather starve herself than see you die? When a Heathen mother buries her little infant in the ground, it does not know what it is going to suffer, and its feeble cry is soon hushed in death; but this little girl was old enough to understand and to be terrified at the horrid death. She begged, she cried, she struggled; but all in vain. She was put into the grave, and the earth was thrown over her. Ah! how dreadful must it have been as by little and little the cheerful light and air were shut out, and she was closed up in the dark, suffocating grave!

The grave had not been dug very deep, and the little girl struggled and struggled for her life. Her cries and screams were heard from beneath the ground. They reached her mother's ear, and touched her mother's heart. She went to the help of her child, and dug her out of the grave! How happy the little girl must have been when she found herself again among the living!

But the danger was not over. The people around did not look pleased to see her. They looked at one another and whispered, and then talked aloud. They spoke of

putting her into the grave again, and making it so deep that she should not again be freed. There were many strong men among them, and her mother's feeble arm was nothing against theirs. Famine had made them hard and resolute. They cared not for her tears and prayers. There was little hope for the Kaffer girl now. It was frightful to be buried once, but how much worse a second time! It was a cruel disappointment to be given back again to death.

At this moment a stranger was seen among the crowd. He asked the reason of the tumult. He looked with an eye of pity on the child. He drew near, and pleaded for her. He had only a little food himself; but all he had he gave to her. The people listened to his words, and they gave their word that the child should live.

Who was this kind friend? kinder even than her mother. The little girl had never seen him before. He was a Christian Kaffer of the name of John Burton. A Wesleyan Missionary, Mr. Tainton, had come to these parts, and this man was his interpreter. He had been converted by the preaching of the Gospel, and baptized by the name of John. His heart had been made tender by the love of Jesus, and this made him wish to save the little girl. She was saved by the Gospel.

Thus, wherever Missionaries are found, many children are saved every year. But how many more Heathen countries are there to which no Missionaries have gone, and how many more children are lost! Will not you do what you can to make it known in every land, that Jesus came "to save children?"

---

### SIMPLE PRAYER AND SIMPLE FAITH.

THIS evening a woman came to see me, who accompanied her husband last summer to Norway-House, where the family were baptized. She said, "I have prayed to the Great Spirit ever since I was baptized. My little child became very ill, so that all concluded she must die. I took her in my arms, and, kneeling down, I told the

Great Spirit what I felt in my heart. He was very merciful ; my child recovered ; God gave her back to me."

This woman made a remark which the Indians not unfrequently make,—that sometimes the wicked spirit told her, her prayers were foolish ; "but," said she, "my heart is often made very happy."

I inquired how she prayed. She answered, "I say, 'O Great Spirit, pity me, forgive all my crooked ways. Give me a good mind. Keep me from sin. Bless my husband and children, and give us all good life (health). I trust in Jesus Christ. Amen !' And I believe," added she, "that he was hanged by nails on the cross-wood to save me."

This is simple prayer and simple faith.

*Rev. James Evans, Hudson's Bay.*

### — — — — — IDOLATRY.

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."—1 John v. 21.

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between  
The mental eye of faith, and things unseen,  
Causing that brighter world to disappear,  
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear,  
This is our world, our idol, though it bear  
Affection's impress, or devotion's air.

*Miss Jane Taylor.*

### — — — — — THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

LET us, my young friends, at the beginning of another year, look abroad in the world, and see what still remains to be done for the Heathen, and whether you need exert yourselves as much as you have done in years that are past.

O, it will be a dark picture I shall show you ; for idolatry and sin still reign in the largest part of the earth !

India, with its millions of inhabitants, is sunk in misery and horrible superstition. The same may be said of Burmah and Siam.

Then look at China, that vast country, so famous for



its productions, and the industry of its inhabitants: there they are "without hope and without God in the world."

Our attention has also been directed to the empire of Japan, where the people have many temporal blessings, but no knowledge of the truth of God.

Then we turn to the accounts we have from Africa, which tell of slavery, murder, cruelty, and all sorts of evil, caused by sin and ignorance; from north to south, the whole country is filled with wrong and violence.

In Australia, a country as large as the whole of Europe, the people are worse than brutes, savage, stupid, and almost beyond civilization. If we glance at the accounts from New-Zealand, and the South-Sea Islands, there is the same sad story, with the addition of greater barbarities.

The darkness and cruelty of Heathenism prevail also throughout the greater part of North and South America.

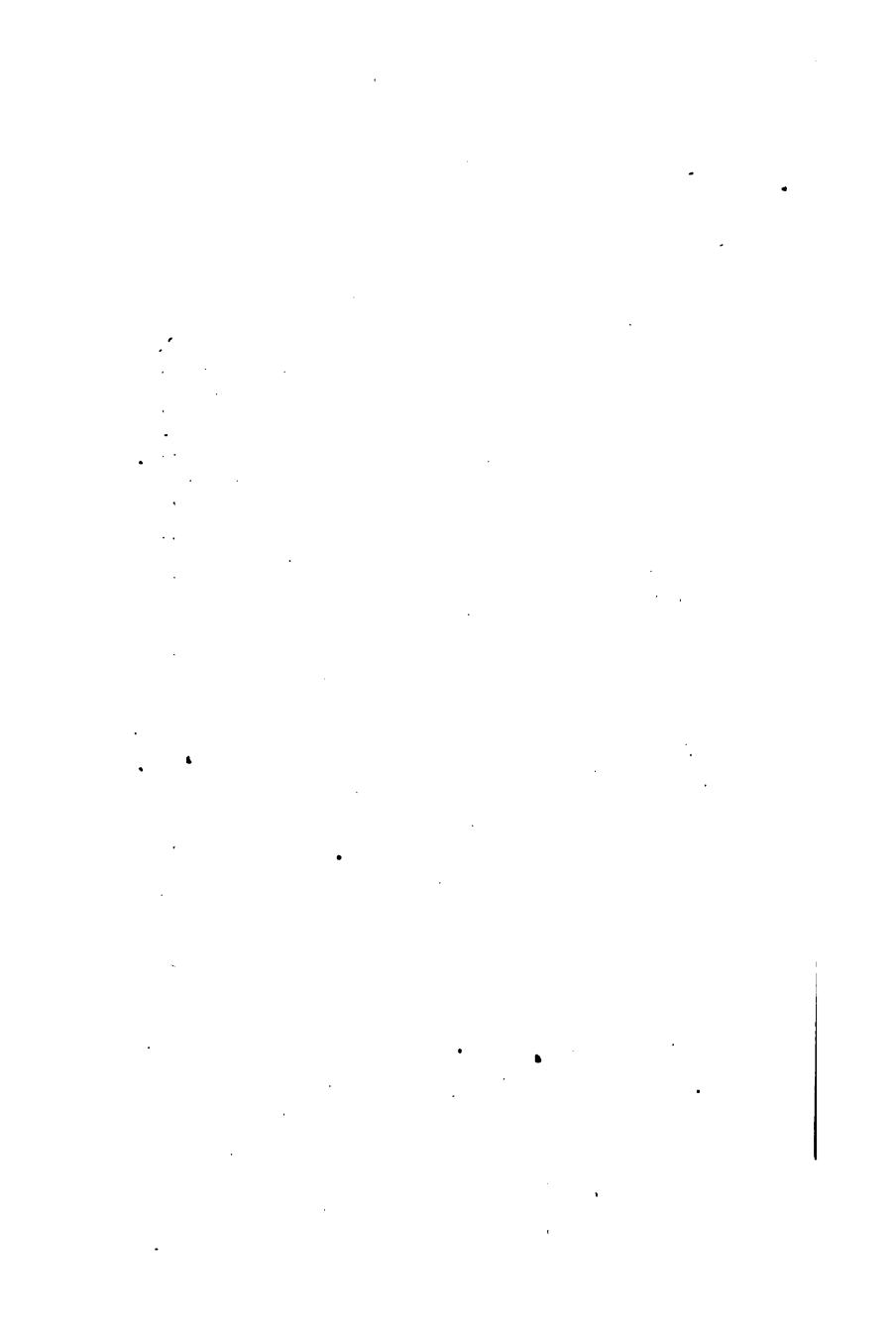
Now, these are not imaginary horrors: they are true, real accounts from men who have been in these countries, and have seen the things which they describe.

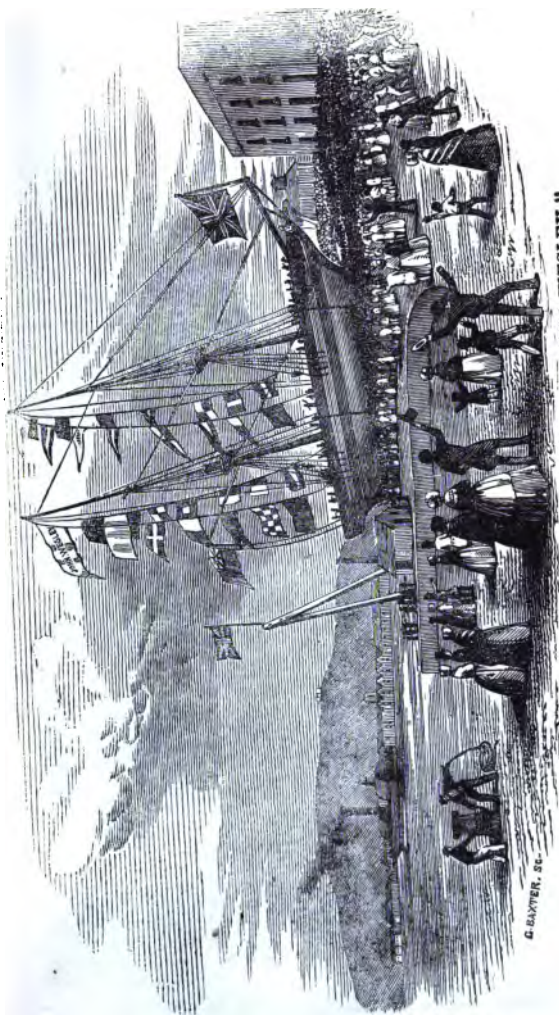
O how would our hearts sink within us, at the thoughts of these evils, did we not rest upon the sure promise of God, who has said that "his knowledge shall cover the earth as the waters cover the face of the great deep!" This is great encouragement to us to increase our efforts, that we may be workers together with God; for the work will be done, whether we help or not: and how highly favoured should we think ourselves, that God has put it into our hearts to labour for the Heathen; "for he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

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LAUNCH OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP, THE "JOHN WESLEY,"  
AT COWES, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE

## WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

FEBRUARY, 1847.

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### LAUNCH OF THE "JOHN WESLEY."

THIS is a picture of the "John Wesley," taken on the morning she was launched; you will see she is built in a sloping position, so that it was only necessary to take out a few screws, and to loosen a few blocks, and she glided gently and beautifully into the water. The poles or masts which you see so gaily ornamented with flags, are not completely fitted; the rigging was put in after she was afloat. The figure-head was copied from a bust which belongs to Mr. John Wesley, of London, and is said to be a very good likeness. Mr. Wesley is represented dressed in his gown and band, with his arms stretched out, and holding a Bible in one hand. Do not you think the inhabitants of the South-Sea islands will be very glad to see the likeness of the man who has been the instrument of doing so much good in the world? The arms of the figure are made so that they can be taken off and put on again, or, as the sailors say, "to ship and unship;" because in rough weather there would be great danger of their being broken by the dashing of the sea against them; so they have provided another pair of arms to fit closer to the body, which are to be put on in rough weather.

After the masts and sails were all fitted and finished, the ship was taken to Southampton, that her cargo might be put in; and you cannot imagine what a bustle there would be to get her ready for so long a voyage; the wonder is, how room enough was found in her for all

things that must go. She took provisions enough to last two years; there was bread and beef, salt pork, twenty or thirty tons of water, besides all the stores which were sent to the Missionaries in the South Seas: in those islands there is no money, so that when the Missionaries want to buy any thing of the natives, they have to give them something in exchange, such as a hatchet, or a knife, or a bit of calico: all these things have to be sent from England, and of course the "John Wesley" took a good stock. There was a large stock of paper sent, for printing books in the different languages spoken in the various islands. Besides all this, there was a TON AND A HALF OF PRESENTS from English friends to the Missionaries and natives. I think I hear many a voice exclaim, on reading this, "O, I helped to make something to send; I am sure a great many persons must have assisted to get ready so many useful articles!" You, my young friends, will be glad to find that the Missionaries' children were not forgotten: there were toys of different sorts sent to them; amongst others, dolls, and dolls' cradles. How pleased the parents will be to see that their English friends have not forgotten the amusements of their little children; those dear children who sometimes suffer such great hardships. Most of the Missionaries' children have been born in the South Seas; but I dare say their parents often talk to them about English children, and these presents will show that English children think about them. At last, after a great deal of hard work, every thing was stowed safely on board; the cabins were all ready for the Missionaries, their wives, and little children, who were to go in her, and the "John Wesley" was ready for sea.

Next month, perhaps, we will give you a short account of her sailing, and a picture of her just as she is leaving Southampton.

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## A NEW-ZEALAND CONVERT.

BY MRS. CROGGON.

HAVE I not led thee to the English cot,  
And pictured there the humble Christian's lot ?  
Has not my theme been this, and nought beside,  
How sinners have transgress'd, and Christ hath died ?  
And could I lead to Afric's burning plains,  
Or where, on icy throne, stern winter reigns ;  
Or place thee 'neath the Indian banian tree,  
Or by the shores of the far Caspian sea ;  
What should I tell of all the tribes of men,  
But with slight change the one same tale again ;  
How all had sinn'd, and how a Surety came  
And died to save, and Jesus was His name ?  
How one and then another bow'd to take  
His easy yoke, and wear it for His sake ;  
Hated the sin that made the Saviour bleed,  
And look'd to Him, and as they look'd, were freed ?  
And seek we now New-Zealand's distant land,  
And stand a moment 'mid her convert band ;  
And linger there with thankfulness to view  
The dying bed of happy Waiapu !  
Not all at once the light of day is seen,  
The twilight lingers night and day between ;  
Not all at once does superstition's chain  
Cease the poor captive Heathen to restrain ;  
By slow degrees with darling sins they part,  
And Christ at length is throned within the heart.  
'Twas thus with Waiapu ; she heard the truth,  
The glorious Gospel message from her youth ;  
Heard, but believed not ; knew, but did not feel,  
Till His own power the Saviour deign'd reveal :  
Then with her foes that conquering Saviour fought,  
And with His own strong arm salvation wrought.

Then sickness came ; but gentle was the stroke,  
Not at a moment was the warning spoke ;

Moments were hers when thought of health return'd,  
And then again consumption's fever burn'd ;  
Yet oft, though fever revell'd through her frame,  
The willing hand its wonted task would claim ;  
For still she mourn'd how little she could do  
For those who loved her with a love so true.  
"Have they not loved me ? O, they cross'd the sea  
To tell that Jesus died, and died for me !"  
Then would she charge her husband still to love  
That Saviour who had left His heaven above,  
And died for him, for her, for many more,  
Yea, countless as the sand-grains on the shore ;  
And she would charge him, "Let our children know  
He loved poor children when He dwelt below ;  
O, I must leave them now, the hour is nigh,  
But train them up to meet me when they die."

Faint and more faint she grew ; but O, made meet  
To worship closer at that Saviour's feet ;  
Her song was praise, praise to the Son of God,  
Who, on the earth He made, a stranger trod ;  
Praise, ceaseless praise, for that redeeming love,  
The wonder of the ransom'd saints above.  
"And now farewell," she said, "to Christ I go,  
I soon shall see Him who hath loved me so ;  
I've seen and loved Him with the heart before,  
But when the eye beholds, shall love Him more."  
She had partaken not the bread and wine,  
Of her Lord's love His own appointed sign ;  
But when she heard how those who trust that Lord  
Meet to remember Him around His board ;  
"Then bear me to the house of prayer," she cried,  
"O lay me closer to that wounded side !  
For I would try that love, its depth and height,  
Its length and breadth, its glory infinite."

They bore her to the house of prayer,  
And sweetest hymns were sung ;  
Wafted along the desert air  
In the New-Zealand tongue.

Her husband brought her there to lie  
 Low at her Saviour's feet ;  
 To know that He was passing by,  
 And He could make her meet,

To worship in a little while  
 With unveil'd face before Him ;  
 To share his love, to claim his smile,  
 And high in heaven adore Him.

O happy band ! and he how blest  
 Who left his native shore,  
 To lead them to that heaven of rest,  
 Where, met, they part no more !

Moments there are when God's own children tell,  
 E'en they can love this dying world full well ;  
 And they would rather, (wondrous though it be,)  
 On earth a few more years of changes see ;  
 A child, a consort, or a parent binds  
 Still to this earth, the heaven-aspiring minds ;  
 Not thus with her, New-Zealand's blessed child :  
 At thought of death, with heaven beyond, she smiled ;  
 " Jesus is mine, and I am his," she said,  
 " Soon I shall see the glory round his head ;  
 Here He is come to dwell in this poor heart,  
 And He and I shall never, never part."

Her little helpless children lay  
 Beside her on the bed ;  
 And she could bear to go away,  
 And leave them both, she said.

" For she who cross'd the waves for me,  
 And on this desert trod,  
 A mother to my babes will be,  
 And train them up for God."

" But say, poor Waiapu, if God should please  
 To change this burning anguish into ease ;  
 And let thee longer with thy husband dwell,  
 Would'st thou not love that life prolong'd full well ? "



"What ! try again the pilgrim's changeful lot ?  
 My Saviour sometimes with me, sometimes not ?  
 I thinking evil now, now thinking good,  
 Temptation yielded to, and then withstood ?  
 I am not willing. No, I long to go ;  
 I haste above, far from each sin and woe."

Enough, enough, the dying voice has ceased,  
 Angels congratulate a soul released ;  
 O send your coffer'd gold, your friends more dear,  
 That tens of thousands may of Jesus hear !

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**HAPPY DEATH OF A YOUNG NEW-  
 ZEALANDER.**

DIED at Opara, near Mangungu, Hokianga, New-Zealand, Oct. 8th, 1845, Sarah Tupanapana, an interesting young woman, who must been about eighteen years of age, (the New-Zealanders in general not knowing their ages,) after a long and lingering illness, and whose death is sincerely lamented by her relations and friends. She had been the subject of instruction for several years, and with others sat under the word in the Wesleyan chapel at Mangungu ; but, like youth in general, she had been thoughtless, and did not consider till recently that her sickness was unto death. She was a strong and healthy-looking girl, and to all human appearance bade fair to live to old age ; but disease seized her frame, and she is numbered with the dead.

"O what is life ? 'T is like a flower  
 That blossoms and is gone !  
 We see it flourish for an hour,  
 With all its beauty on :  
 But death comes like a wintry day,  
 And cuts the pretty flower away."

On Sunday, Oct. 5th, she sent for me to converse with her ; and on my arrival at her hut, I found her stretched

out on the ground, with some straw for her bed ; and when she saw my face, and grasped my hand, the silent tear stole down her cheek, and she lay gasping for breath, making use of cold water only to gratify her taste. This circumstance convinced me that her end was near, as the New-Zealanders, when near death, look particularly for cold water, which always allays their thirst. I said to her, "Why did you send for me?" She replied, "That you may pray for me." I asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ, and why he came into the world?" She answered, "To save me." I asked her if her mind was dark. She said, "Yes ; when I am in pain." I inquired if she knew the place where there is no pain. She cast her eyes upward, and signified that she meant heaven. I exhorted her to pray for herself ; and that, however weak the effort,

"His ear  
Attends the softest prayer ;"

encouraging her with the words of the Saviour, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I commended her to the pity and compassion of the Friend of sinners, after singing and exhortation ; and I trust she is now,

"Far from a world of grief and kin,  
With God eternally shut in."

P.S. Sarah Tupanapana was the granddaughter of a venerable old Chief in the Bay of Islands, called Warerahi, or Kingi Hori, ("King George,") who befriended the brethren, Turner and Hobbs, when they were driven from Wangaroa in 1827. May the death of this young New-Zealander teach many youths in England so to "number their days as to apply their hearts unto wisdom !"

*Rev. William Woon, Missionary in New-Zealand.*



## THE INDIAN CHIEF, AND THE ENGLISH SOLDIER.

It has been said that the Wesleyan Methodists have had the honour of being the most zealous and successful Missionaries among the Indians of Canada West. This observation reminded me of a statement made by one of our military brethren at our last love-feast at Gibraltar. He said, "When I was at the Three Rivers settlement in Canada, I was accosted by an Indian Chief, with a Wesleyan Hymn-Book in his hand. He said, 'Do you know what this is?'" 'Yes.' 'Can you read it?' 'I can.' 'Why, then, are you not a better man?' It made," continued our friend, "a deep impression on my mind; and I have often thought since then how strange a thing it was that a man that was born a Heathen, should be teaching me that was always, as I thought, a Christian. I learned many thing from that Chief, and I might have learned many more, but I would not be taught; these good impressions, however, like many others, wore away, and I became worse and worse. I do not think there could be a greater sinner on earth before God than I was; and in this state I went on, until I came to the Rock of Gibraltar. We were told, on coming here, that any of the military who pleased might be returned as members of the Wesleyan congregation. I immediately got my name down in the books for the Methodist chapel; and at the first sermon I heard, God so convinced me of sin, that I went away overpowered, longing for some place where I might hide myself. I felt the remembrance of sin grievous unto me. I groaned under its burden. I often watered my couch with my tears, and I cried to God day and night. I did not know what to do. I knew there was a Methodist class in our regiment before we left Ireland; but they seemed to be scattered; but at last I found my way to a class. I was pointed to 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the

world.' Blessed be God, he has had mercy upon me. I am a monument of his grace and mercy. I am still determined, by his help, to cleave to God my Saviour; and I have no doubt but that his grace will keep me, and enable me to watch and pray, that I fall not into temptation." All this was said with a simplicity of manner, and the earnestness of a deeply grateful heart, which touched a chord in the hearts of those present, who glorified God in him. This recently restored prodigal has maintained, since his conversion, a consistent character; and is now labouring to bring his comrades to the house of God, and to the knowledge of the truth, that they also may be saved.

Our young friends will be encouraged in their labour of love by such humble testimonies borne to the efficacy of the Gospel which your Missionaries are endeavouring to proclaim "to the Jew and the Greek, the barbarian, the bond and the free,"—they will learn the responsibility of those who "can read;" and perhaps it will not be unprofitable for them who are readers of the Bible and the Wesleyan Hymn-Book, to put to themselves the question of the Indian Chief, "Why, then, are you not a better man, or a better child?" Let them search for the cause, pray God to take it away, and to "create in them a clean heart, and to renew within them a right spirit;" they will also be confirmed in the faith and truth of the Gospel, by thus seeing its efficacy, and the uniformity of its spiritual fruits on individuals, whether at the Three Rivers in Canada, born Heathens, or at Gibraltar, where the people call themselves Christians. "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Amen and amen.

*Rev. Thomas T. N. Hull, Missionary at Gibraltar.*



## BENEVOLENCE REWARDED.

A poor woman said, as the Missionary Meeting in her village drew on, she was prayerfully concerned that her Missionary-box might be worth presenting. She had five shillings to purchase her a pair of shoes, which she much needed, but resolved to put it into the box. As her shoes would not keep out the wet, while drying her toes by the fire, some of her family would remind her of what they called her "imprudent charity." In a short time a friend at a distance sent her a box of clothes, and some money also; which she took as from the hand of God, and gave him the glory of his bounty and goodness. See 1 Kings xvii.; 2 Kings iv.; Psalm xli.; Luke xxi. 1—4; Matt. vi. 1—4; xxv. 31—46.

*Rev. Richard Tabraham.*

## LOVE TO THE MISSIONARY CAUSE IN DEATH.

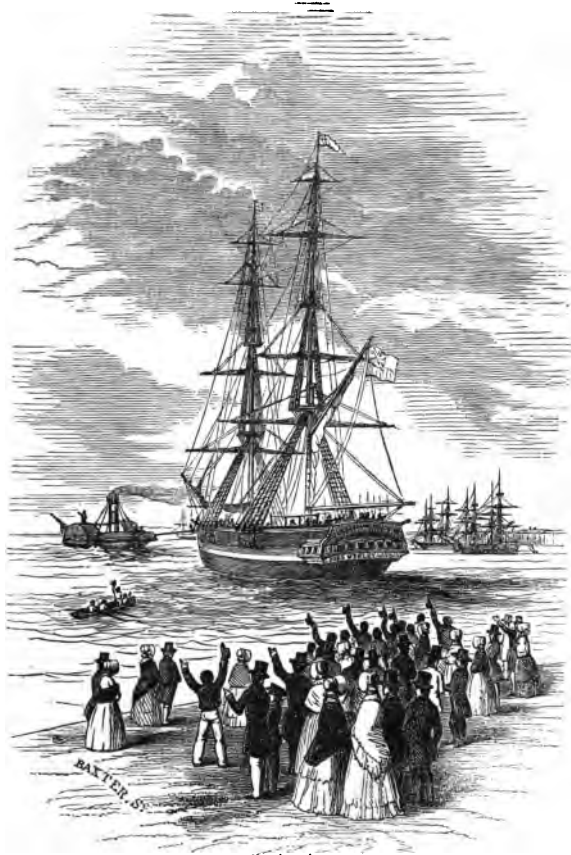
I knew a little boy who had been taught in the Wesleyan Sunday-school, and loved the school very much; and I hope he had been led to love the Saviour also. Just before he died, having saved ten shillings, he gave half of it to the Missionary Society, and the rest to another benevolent object. Perhaps, dear young friends, you will prefer laying out your money in a similar way. Well, if you do it in obedience to Jehovah's command, from a pious desire to please God, and with lively faith in Jesus as your Saviour, you will not only do good to others, but will feel a pure pleasure in your own hearts.

*Rev. Richard Tabraham.*

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**DEPARTURE OF THE "JOHN WESLEY" FROM  
SOUTHAMPTON.**

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MARCH, 1847.

THE "JOHN WESLEY."

We left the "John Wesley," last month, just ready for sailing; now you see her as she is leaving Southampton, to begin her long voyage. The evening before she left, the Missionaries, the Secretaries, and the friends who had gone to Southampton to see her off, met together, and with fervent prayer commended the Missionaries and their families to the care of God, entreating him to preserve them, and carry them safely to the end of their voyage. Early the next morning they left the dock, by the aid of a steamer. As the wind was contrary, they did not get very far that day, but anchored at night at Yarmouth Roads. They remained there a short time, till the wind was fair, and then set sail again. The last news was brought by the pilot, who landed at Falmouth, in Cornwall, and brought letters from some of the Missionaries, saying, they were going out of the Channel with a fine wind.

In England, the "John Wesley" is thought to be a beautiful vessel; but how very beautiful she will appear in the eyes of the Missionaries, who will hail her arrival at their Stations with great delight! She will bring them news from their friends, supplies of food and clothing, and—what they are most anxious for—more Missionaries.

Before the "Triton" was sent out, the Missionaries were sometimes almost starving, because no ships touched at their islands, to take them provisions. Mr. Cross was once obliged to sell his clothes to the natives, to get a lit-




tle food; and another time, though very weak and ill, he had to live on cakes made of arrow-root. Now things are altered; they get supplies of food and clothes sent every year; and Mr. Hunt says, when writing about the "Triton," "Thank God and British Christians for the Missionary ship!"

Now we must say "Good bye" to the "John Wesley:" it will most likely be a long time before we shall hear any thing of her; for she will not touch any where till she gets to New South Wales; but when any news come, you shall be sure to have it: in the mean time, pray that God, who takes care of those who put their trust in him, will carry the Missionaries safely through all the dangers to which they are exposed, and bring them to their Stations, that they may preach to the Heathen, and teach them the way of salvation.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean,  
And, as thy billows flow,  
Bear messengers of mercy  
To every land below.  
Arise, ye gales, and waft them  
Safe to the destined shore,  
That man may sit in darkness  
And death's deep shade no more

O, thou eternal Ruler,  
Who rulest with thy arm  
The tempests of the ocean,  
Protect them from all harm!  
Thy presence e'er be with them,  
Wherever they may be;  
Though far from those who love them,  
Still let them be with thee!



## ALLIGATORS IN WESTERN AFRICA.

In the year 1841, I was stationed for some time at Mansu, a town of some importance about fifty miles in the interior, from Cape-Coast Castle, it being the residence of a Chief of the people called the Asins. Gabri (the name of the Chief) and his people, being displeased with the arbitrary manner in which they were governed by the Ashantis, by whom they were conquered, left them some years since, and put themselves under the protection of the English Government, and the Chief made Mansu the head-quarters of his tribe.

About six years since, a school was established there, and I went up to take charge of the Station in the year above mentioned.

During my residence there, I was engaged in building a house. One morning I sent out the school-boys to collect some bamboos for the purpose of erecting a fence. In the course of their search for them, they discovered the nest of an alligator, which they robbed of its eggs. These eggs are thought to be a great delicacy, and are anxiously sought after by the rich. These, therefore, were distributed amongst the Chiefs and principal people; and I, being thought a person of some consequence, had two given me as my share.

On their being brought to me, my curiosity was excited to see this nest, and I asked the boys to show me the place where they had found it. They accordingly took me to the place. I found the nest about twenty yards from the bank of a small river, called by the natives Emis-aki, but known on the maps of Africa by the name of Amissa, and its mouth may be found about twenty-five miles to the eastward of Cape-Coast Castle.

The alligators had chosen the root of a large tree, around which grew a great number of the gigantic climbers so common in tropical countries. The nest was composed of loose vegetable matter, which they had collected together from the ground around the tree, and which was so carefully done, that one would have thought it ha'

swept. They had then drawn it in among those large climbers, and matted it so firmly together, that it resembled a piece of coarse felt ; and it was with great difficulty that it could be separated in order to obtain the eggs.

The heap thus formed, consisted of at least a large waggon-load of this vegetable matter, and the heat was so great, arising from the fermentation and gradual decay of the mass, that it was with difficulty that I could bear my hand in it for five minutes at a time.

In this we see the goodness of God manifested towards even this portion of his creation, in directing their instinct to avail itself of the steady heat generated by the fermentation of a mass of decomposing vegetable matter, constructed by itself, for the purposes of incubation.

Alligators are very numerous in this part of the world, both in what are here called salt-ponds, (which are small lakes separated from the sea by a sand-bank through which the salt-water runs,) and in rivers. Their sizes vary according to their age. The longest are from ten to twelve feet long. They are not generally dangerous to man, for I have often seen scores of people for hours together in the water fishing and bathing where these creatures are numerous, and have sometimes bathed myself in the same places.

This animal seems to be endowed with a large share of cunning. When walking along the banks of these salt-ponds, I have frequently been amused to see the adroitness with which they endeavour to catch wild fowl, which abound there. The birds of the wading tribe collect their food by going into the water ; and while they are thus engaged, the alligators will keep just outside of them, in deep water, with only the tip of their nose, and their two eyes, which project beyond their head, just above the water, watching until they think it within their reach, when they suddenly seize their prey. Should the bird keep very close to the shore, the alligator will sink into the water very gently, and proceed under the water until it again comes opposite the bird, when it will rise with the same imperceptible motion, and without causing the smallest ripple. I have seen as many

LETTER FROM MISSION-SCHOOL CHILDREN, BADAGRY. 31

as eight or ten of them thus watching one bird. At other times they get out of the water, and stretch themselves on a sunny bank, where they contrive to catch flies by opening their mouths and causing a kind of saliva to exude from their tongues, which soon attracts great quantities of flies, and which they secure by suddenly shutting their mouths. I have often seen them thus engaged; and, on one occasion, I succeeded in getting within a few yards of one whose horrible jaws were thus open, and shot at it; but the gun being loaded with small shot only, I did not succeed in killing it.

The natives are said to make a very fatal poison from its caul. I ought to have said that the eggs of the alligator differ from almost all other eggs in this,—that both their ends are alike. They are between four and five inches long, and not quite so large, in proportion, as other eggs are. The shell is quite white, and much harder than any other egg that I have ever seen.

*Rev. Robert Brooking.*

LETTER FROM MISSION-SCHOOL CHILDREN  
AT BADAGRY.

In the beginning of last year, the scholars of Cherry-street Sunday-school, Birmingham, sent a box of children's frocks, which they had made, to the little black children at Badagry, Western Africa: there was a letter in the box, written by one of the school-children; it arrived safely; and Mr. Martin, the Missionary there, has sent word how pleased and thankful they all were with the presents. They have also received a letter written by one of the Badagry school-children, and signed, by thirteen others. Mr. Lee, the Superintendent, has kindly sent a copy of the letter, to be printed in the "Juvenile Offering."

*Badagry, Sept. 7th, 1846.*

DEAR FRIENDS,

We have taken the liberty to send you this letter; we hope it will meet you in good health. We thank you

sending the present to us, and hope the Lord will bless you; because, though you did not know us, you sent these things to us. We do not forget you; we always pray for you, and remember you in England. At that time when we had no Missionary, we did not serve the Lord; and when the Missionary came to Badagry, we did not know that we were all sinners. We beg the Lord that he may pardon all our sins. Some of us feel that the Lord has died upon the cross for us and you; and we try to pray to God to help us to run the race which he set before us. We African children have not much to send; but we try to send some curious things made in our country. We wish you to accept of them, as tokens of our love to English children. We shall be glad to hear that you have received the baskets safe.

We remain

Your sincere and affectionate friends,

WILLIAM MONDAY,	MARTHA PRICE,
THOMAS WILLIAMS,	ELIZA MACAULEY,
SAMUEL CUDJOE,	THOMAS MOLE,
THOMAS MARSHALL,	WILLIAM TURNER,
SMART MACAULEY,	JABEZ BUNTING,
ALBERT MOBI,	MOSES COKER,
SOPHIA MOBI,	JOHN CHARLES.



### SELF-DENYING GENEROSITY FOR THE MISSION CAUSE.

WHEN I was stationed at Lynn, in Norfolk, at one of our Missionary Meetings we had a visit from Peter Jones, the Indian Chief; the people were very much pleased with him, and greatly impressed with the value and importance of Missions; and the seed then sown in one young mind was seen after many days.

The morning after the next Missionary Anniversary, I answered to a gentle knock at the door; when a little girl

presented me with a piece of brown paper, modestly saying, "Please, Sir, I have brought this for the Missions." On opening it, I found it contained four shillings. I then asked her, "Have your parents sent you with this money?" She replied, "I have no parents. My father was a pilot, and was lost in Yarmouth-Roads; and my mother is dead." I then asked her, "With whom do you live?" She answered, "With my uncle and aunt." "Have they sent you with this money?" "No, Sir," she said; "it is my own: I have A PENNY A WEEK, Sir." I asked, "Do your uncle and aunt know that you have brought this money?" "Yes, Sir; I have A PENNY A WEEK, and I began to save it last Missionary Meeting."

The idea that this orphan had given 4s. out of 4s. 4d., her whole year's income, was to me one of the noblest acts on behalf of the Heathen world I had ever known. But my surprise and admiration were greatly increased when I learnt how she got her PENNY A WEEK. For one halfpenny a week she carried all the water that an aged female used; and for the other halfpenny she took breakfast every morning for a young man to the shop where he worked.

Whilst we applaud the liberality of those who out of their abundance give some their hundreds, and others their thousand pounds, in support of the Mission cause, may we not apply our Lord's words, and say, "This poor orphan hath cast in more than they all?"

*Rev. James B. Holroyd.*

### INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCE TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE MISSIONS.

I WAS once at a Missionary Meeting at Scarborough, in Yorkshire; when two poor boys, of about ten years of age, came on the platform, and one of them gave me a parcel

containing 12s. 8d., which they had raised in the following way :—

One morning, when on their way to school, one of the boys, who had a hen, told his companion that she wanted to sit ; but he had neither eggs, nor money to buy any. The other boy replied, “ I have as much money as will purchase twelve duck-eggs ; and if you will let your hen sit on them, we will join to buy food for the ducks ; and whatever they may be sold for, more than we have paid for food, shall be given to the Missions.” To this the boy agreed ; and from the twelve eggs eleven ducks were reared, and sold ; and the above sum was what they had gained by them, which they brought, and gave in support of the Mission cause.

*Rev. James B. Holroyd.*



#### JUVENILE TEA-MEETINGS.

ON Monday evening, January 4th, the children belonging to the Liverpool-road chapel, Islington, who had been collecting for the Christmas Offerings, drank tea together in the school-room belonging to the chapel. There were eighty present ; and it was a lovely sight, to see so many cheerful, happy faces, all looking pleased with what they had done,—for they had collected more than £40.

After tea, the Rev. Peter M'Owan and Mr. John Hunter addressed the children, and gave to each of them a copy of the “ Juvenile Offering.” They then had singing and prayer, and parted about seven o'clock, after spending a very happy evening.

MR. HULL, the Missionary at Gibraltar, has sent home an account of their juvenile tea-meeting : I will give you an extract from his letter :—

“ On Monday, January 4th, we held the tea-meeting of our juvenile Collectors in the spacious room at the South, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens by our Sunday and day school Teachers ; the Union and Bethel flags ornamented

each end of the room ; while Wesley's portrait, encircled in orange-leaves, blossoms, and roses, was suspended over the presidential chair.

"After singing and prayer, an address was given, founded on the 697th hymn, which they had so sweetly and generally sung. The name of Jesus, and the promises that

' To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head,'

furnished ample materials for observations, which were listened to with great attention.

"Sixty-three Collectors then came forward on their names being called over, and presented their little bags, made expressly for the purpose by our Spanish girls at the Mission-school, and with which each Collector was provided when the Collecting-Cards were issued.

"Great interest was excited to know the sum total, as some fears were entertained in consequence of the unusually inclement weather of the Christmas week ; but our young people seemed greatly relieved and gratified to find that they had collected as much as last Christmas, and that they had replenished our treasury by the sum of £12. 0s. 3d.

"One hundred and five children and young people sat down to tea-cake and bread-and-butter, to the excellence of which they did full justice.

"At the conclusion they were again urged, from the uncertain issue of the year on which we had entered, with regard to all there, and from gratitude for the many special mercies they had received during the year just concluded, to give their hearts to Jesus, of whom they had heard, and earnestly to seek his favour and a new heart ; and then, if we lived, we should all be useful and happy ; and if God were pleased to take any of us from his church on earth, we should sit down in the kingdom of our Father above, and enjoy for ever the pleasures at his right hand. They were then commended to God in earnest prayer, and we all parted thankful for the gratifications and profit which our Christmas and New-Year's festivities and services had afforded us."





## A PLEA FOR IRELAND.

Ye children dear of England,  
 Who live at home at ease,  
 Think on your Irish neighbours poor,  
 Who starve across the seas.  
 Your well-fill'd purses open now  
 At the piteous tale of woe ;  
 Nor sink to sleep the while they weep,  
 Till the streams of mercy flow :  
 Till your soften'd hearts begin to melt,  
 And the streams of mercy flow.

O happy is your English home,  
 And dear your parents' smile ;  
 But famine darkens many a brow  
 In our sorrowing Sister Isle.  
 In vain the hungry little ones  
 For-bread to parents cry ;  
 The mothers look, in mute despair,  
 On the sunken cheek and eye,  
 While no help, alas ! is theirs to give,  
 And they lay them down and die.

Haste, haste, ye English children dear,  
 Who live at home at ease,—  
 Send quickly to these little ones  
 Who starve across the seas !  
 Then, then, ye happy children,  
 Their heartfelt prayer shall flow  
 For blessings on the head of those  
 Who heard their cry of woe ;  
 And ye, of holy charity,  
 The blessedness shall know.

*From the Missionary Repository for Youth.*



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ESCAPE OF THE REV. WILLIAM CROSS FROM SHIPWRECK.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

APRIL, 1847.

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MISSIONARY DANGERS.

SHIPWRECK OF MR. AND MRS. CROSS.

I suppose my young friends remember reading in past numbers of the *Juvenile Offering* several accounts of Missionaries being placed in circumstances of great danger when living amongst the Heathen, or when travelling from one place to another; but in all these dangers God was pleased to spare their lives, and delivered them from the evils which threatened them.

The story I am now going to give you is a more melancholy one; Mr. Cross the Missionary, and his wife, when on a voyage from Nukualofa to Vavau, were shipwrecked, and the poor wife was drowned; she was taken from serving God on earth to praise him in heaven.

Mr. Cross went to the South Seas a great many years ago. If you look in your map for the South Pacific Ocean, you will see a great many clusters of Islands: one of these groups is called the Friendly Islands, another the Feejees, others are called by different names. These islands are peopled by savages of the worst kind, cannibals; you know *that* means men who feed on human flesh.

It was to these cannibals Mr. and Mrs. Cross went to take the Gospel of the blessed Jesus; and though they were so ignorant and wicked, they were glad to hear of Christ; and many of them left the worship of their idols, and became Christians.

In the year 1832, Mr. Cross was going to remove from the island of Nukualofa to Vavau, a new Station. He had no nice vessel to sail in, but was obliged to go in a native canoe, which made the passage very dangerous. What follows is Mr. Cross's own account of the voyage and shipwreck. He says :

"January 7<sup>th</sup>, 1832.—We left Nukualofa in a large canoe, belonging to Tubou, to proceed to our new Station at Vavau. We rose at four in the morning, to prepare for sailing, and proceeded to the canoe between six and seven o'clock. It was an interesting season. Many surrounded us, weeping because of our departure. Having been at Nukualofa more than four years, the people had acquired a strong attachment to us. Two smaller canoes were to accompany us; but as we were detained by the lading of our boat, they sailed about an hour earlier. We put to sea, and for a few hours went forward with a fair and moderate wind; although there was a heavy swell, which increased as the wind became more strong. This occasioned the breaking of the yard, and shortly after of the mast, which happened about noon. The sail was immediately taken down, and another smaller set. By the time these arrangements were completed, we had lost sight of the two canoes. As the evening advanced, the sailors were anxiously looking out for land. Night, however, came on, but no land appeared. The men having toiled hard all day, and provisions being scarce, many of them slept through weariness; and those whose anxiety for the safety of the vessel kept them awake, were unable to manage her; so that we did not get on. We were driven hither and thither till break of day; but no land appeared till about an hour after sunrise. The people fearing the wind might change, and thus prevent us reaching the island before dark, inquired if they might prepare a small mast and yard. I said, 'If you cannot reach the island without working, you must do so, as it is lawful to work on the Sabbath-day to save life.' They immediately began to prepare another sail, and then made towards the land. We arrived about noon, and found it was one of

two uninhabited islands called Hunga Tonga, and Hunga Haabai. On approaching the island, we found it impossible to land, on account of the steepness of the rocks and the heavy swell of the sea. After deliberating for some time as to what we should do, it was determined to attempt to return to Tongataboo. In order to lighten the canoe, the mast and part of the yard were thrown into the sea. The wind now became favourable, blowing from the north; and the canoe being lighter, there was less motion. My dear wife and I took a little refreshment, both of us being very faint. I had not taken any food for upwards of thirty hours, and Mrs. Cross had only tasted a little cocoa-nut milk. What added to the weakness of the latter was, that she had been very ill on the previous Saturday. However, the wind being favourable, we made way, and sighted one of the Tonga isles, called Atata, before sunset. This occasioned a general thanksgiving. The people expected soon to reach this island, which was not more than seven miles from Tongataboo, and then to proceed homeward on Monday. By nine o'clock we were not distant more than three or four miles. But as the moon went down, the wind changed, and blew tremendously against us. The people immediately took down the sail, and had scarcely reached their paddles, when the canoe was driven with fearful violence on the reef, and began to break up. Joseph, a native Teacher, came to me and said, in the native tongue, 'Mr. Cross, be strong our mind toward God: we are all dead.' We committed ourselves to God, and in a few minutes were washed off the canoe into the sea, and the boat was immediately dashed to pieces. I had my arms round Mrs. Cross, nor did I let her go. The water was six or seven feet in depth. Several times we rose to the surface, but were as often overwhelmed by the surf. I continued to hold my dear wife with my right arm, while my left was employed in catching at poles and broken pieces of the canoe, by which means we had an opportunity of breathing. No word of complaint or fear escaped her lips; but she several times said

'Lord, have mercy upon us! Lord, deliver us in this our time of need!' I said, 'Look to the Lord, my love: we are both going to heaven together.' A few more seconds, and she spoke no more. I still clasped her with my right arm, was perfectly recollected, and expected in a few moments to be in heaven with her: but the Lord, contrary to my expectation, made a way for my escape.

"A short time after the spirit of Mrs. Cross had fled, I found myself near to some boards, part of the deck of the canoe. My strength was nearly exhausted, but I still held the body of my dear wife. One of our people, a Feejeean, a member of our society in Tongataboo, then discovered me, and, taking me by the hand, kept me close to the boards as they were driven about in the water. I became very weak; but another of our people assisted me to get on the boards. Being unable any longer to take care of the body of Mrs. Cross, I desired Jonathan, the Feejeean, to make it fast to the piece of the wreck upon which they had placed me; which was done. By this time several parts of the canoe were lashed together, forming a raft, and upwards of twenty persons seated thereon. We were then driven about we knew not whither. The general expectation was, from the course of the wind, that if the boards held together, we should be driven to Hihifo, which is about eight miles from the place where we were. In about two hours after the canoe had broken up, to our great joy, we found ourselves drifted to an uninhabited island, called Tokeloke. We might have been driven above or below it, but such was the goodness of God, we were taken against it. It was difficult to land, on account of the sharp rocks that hung over the sea, and the dashing of the waves; but, through divine mercy, all who were on the raft got safe ashore. I shall not soon forget how eagerly the men caught hold of a tree which overhung the sea, to which they tied the raft. (See *Frontispiece*.) Some climbed up, and these assisted others, so that ultimately we were all saved from a watery grave. But the body of my dear wife was not to be found. Being safe on land, the natives with

much difficulty kindled a fire, and warmed a cocoa-nut for me. They likewise made a little shed with some branches of the cocoa-nut tree and a mat. Though more than twenty persons landed by means of the raft, this was but a small number out of seventy, which was the number in the canoe. We were much concerned respecting the others, and felt exceedingly glad as one and another was driven to the island, some on boards, others by means of a paddle, and two on a gate which we were taking to Vavau. The fire we had kindled was also of great assistance to them in finding the landing-place. During the night one man reached the shore whose sister had perished. He had but recently made a profession of Christianity, and was ill prepared to bear such a trial. The poor fellow threw himself upon the ground, and roared as one deranged. Another individual said to me, 'I was much afraid of dying without having worshipped God with all my heart, and I long to get home that I may do so.'

"I now wished much to be at Nukualofa, and consulted the men about it, urging them to attempt to proceed on the raft, as I thought, if I remained another night on the island, I also should die. But the people being all very feeble, and the wind blowing a gale, none were willing to venture with me, fearing we should lose our lives in the attempt. The wind became more moderate about noon: we were afterwards visited by four men in a small canoe from Hihifo. I asked them if they would venture to take me to Nukualofa, promising to reward them well. They consented, and I was soon in the canoe; but such was the agitated state of the sea, that in two or three minutes the boat was overturned. As there was only about five feet depth of water, I remained in the sea until the people emptied the canoe, and then got into the canoe again. Had the canoe upset in deep water, in all probability we should have been drowned. It was now agreed that one of the men belonging to the canoe should remain on the island, and the others proceed with me, the boat being safer with only four persons in her. It being low water



were obliged to put me ashore about four miles from the Mission premises ; which distance, though I was in a very enfeebled condition, the Lord enabled me to walk. When I had proceeded about two miles, I was overtaken by a messenger, sent to inform Tubou that the body of Mrs. Cross had been found at Hihifo. As soon as I reached home, a number of men were sent to convey the body, while Mr. Thomas directed the carpenter to make a coffin. After taking some refreshment, I, with a sad heart, retired to rest.

"On Tuesday, Jan. 10th, I was very weak in body ; but was able to be present at the funeral. I was considerably bruised, but not so much as others of my companions ; and, considering my situation, it is astonishing that I did not suffer more.

"The total loss of life connected with this melancholy event, is fourteen men and five children. The greater part of my books, furniture, and wearing apparel, a number of useful articles, together with a considerable quantity of Mission property, are lost. Of my property I think but little : my greatest loss, is the partner of my life. We had enjoyed each other's society thirteen years ; and though we have always been happy during our union, yet I think we have been increasingly so during the past year. Mrs. Cross had long lived in the enjoyment of the favour of God, and could daily look to him as her reconciled Father through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. She is now, I doubt not,

'Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.'"

*Hunt's Memoirs of Mr. Cross.*

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### SUNDAY-SCHOLARS' PRESENTS TO THE CHILDREN AT BADAGRY.

MONDAY was a day of rare enjoyment, to our school-children at Badagry. The schooner "Lady Ann" anchored yesterday in the roads, bringing a variety of Missionary information, with a number of publications from the Mis-

sion-House. To-day I received a large box, containing clothing, pins, needles, knives, scissors, &c., "from a small place in the Leek Circuit;" and from the Sunday-school, Cherry-street, Birmingham. Were those kind friends present, to feast their eyes on the children's happy countenances, and their ears on their expressions of wonder and gladness, as article after article was opened, they would feel indeed that "it is more blessed to give, than to receive." I took a number of the Juvenile Christmas Collecting Cards, and the Address, into the school, and gave the children an account of the mode of raising money in England for the Missions: the Christmas Offerings interested them much. I did not neglect to hint at their duty to send the blessed Gospel to the children beyond.

On Tuesday, according to promise, I read to the scholars a letter found in the box of clothing, addressed to the children of Badagry school, from the children of Cherry-street Sunday-school, Birmingham; with which they were much interested, and promised to write a letter in return. They afterwards sent to tell me they should like to send some of the little curiosities of the country to their kind friends in England, if I thought it proper, and would forward them. I was much pleased with this; it was the purpose of gratitude. After explaining to them the manner in which their own Missionary and Teachers are supported, and telling them of the little sacrifices made by many English children, I asked them whether they wished me to give them the knives, &c., which were sent to them, or whether they would like to buy them, that the money might be sent to the Missionary Society. Almost every voice exclaimed at once, "Buy them!" And they meant what they said. Shortly after the conclusion of the school, many came with their cowries wrapped in their clothes, to make their purchases. In order to obtain the pretty little Wesleyan Missionary Maps of the World, received from the Mission-House, they are learning a portion of Scripture.

*Rev. John Martin, Badagry.*



TO A COLLECTOR OF SMALL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THOUGH trifling in your eye  
The little mite appear,  
Yet to my charming words  
A moment lend your ear.

Look on the mighty deep,  
And contemplate the sea;  
If 'twere not for the DROPS,  
Where would its *vastness* be?

Behold the emerald field,  
Where sheep and oxen feed;  
If 'twere not for the BLADES,  
Say, where would be the *mead*?

The oak its shelter gives,  
When flocks from tempests flee;  
But if the LEAVES were gone,  
Where would the *shelter* be?

The smooth extended strand,  
That checks the roaring deep:  
Say, if the GRAINS were gone,  
Where would the *billows* sweep?

Were LITTLE WORDS despised,  
How would a *book* appear?  
How could the Preacher preach,  
Or how his hearers hear?

Despise not then THE PENCE,  
They help to make *the pound*;  
And each may help to SPREAD ABROAD  
THE GOSPEL'S JOYFUL SOUND!

## NEW-YEAR'S FEAST ON THE RICE-LAKE INDIAN MISSION, NORTH AMERICA.

LETTER FROM A SCHOOL-TEACHER TO THE REV. WILLIAM M. HARVARD.

I TAKE the liberty of sending you a short account of the annual feast which the Indians of this place celebrated last New-Year's Day. As I was present on the occasion, I feel much pleasure in giving you a short description of the quantity and the quality of the food, and also of the manner in which the feast was conducted. But before I refer to the dinner, I beg leave to inform you, that heretofore the females were not permitted to sit at the same table with the men at their annual feasts; but I am happy to say that on this occasion we have been able to overcome that old and barbarous custom. I pointed out to them the injustice they were inflicting on their wives and the rising generation in not bringing them forward as the white men do their wives, and thus raising them to that level in society that God designed woman should occupy; and, to their credit and honour be it told, they all agreed to follow my advice, and did actually bring them forward at the feast; and before any man was permitted to sit down, all the females were seated at the table! O how did it cheer and gladden our hearts!

I cannot give you a full description of the joy and happiness that appeared to gleam in every countenance among the Indian women, at the gratifying idea of their being thus raised to a level with the men.

But I must hasten to give you some account of the dinner. They had provided for the occasion two very fine bears, parts of which were roasted, and parts boiled; three or four deer cooked in like manner, a large hog, several dishes of roast and boiled beef; a fine beaver, several large fish; eleven sweet cakes of various kinds, plum-puddings, and several of rice, a barrel of flour baked into bread, pies, tarts, tea, &c., and all of the best sort. I as-

you, dear sir, it was pleasing to see the manner in which the dinner was cooked and set out on the table.

When all were seated, the old Chief, Captain Paudash, stepped forward in front, and gave an eloquent address, contrasting their present with their former situation, when they lived in their wigwams in the wild woods. All this change he attributed to the goodness of the great Spirit in sending to them the religion of Jesus Christ, which is "profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

It was a sight of most special interest, and afforded a proof that could not be resisted, that the best way of civilizing the barbarous tribes of Adam's fallen family is, by the grace of God, to make them Christians.

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### THE NEW-ZEALANDERS.

MR. ANGAS, a gentleman who has been travelling in New-Zealand, has just written a book, giving an account of the natives of that country, and many of their customs. As there are several Methodist Missionaries there, I thought you would like to hear something about the country, and will give you a few anecdotes from his work :—

The New-Zealanders are a fine race of men,—tall, well-made, and would be handsome, if it were not for the ugly practice they have of tatooing their faces and bodies; the women are many of them very pretty and well-behaved; when they become Christians, they are fond of learning, and some of them are very clever. If they were all civilized and Christianized, they would be one of the finest races of men in the world.

The children are cheerful, lively, little creatures; they pass their early years amusing themselves with the various games of the country, such as flying kites, which are made of leaves, throwing little spears, and sailing their tiny flax canoes on the rivers, or watching them tossed about by the waves of the sea.

*(To be continued.)*

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## METHODISM. SWEDEN. CHINA.

SHORTLY after my arrival in Stockholm, in 1830, I called upon an elderly English lady, the widow of a Swedish Captain in the merchant-service. It was soon evident that she knew and loved the Saviour; and, in the course of conversation, she inquired if I expected to form an English class-meeting. Expressing my surprise at such a question from her, I obtained the information, that at twelve years of age she had been received into the society, in London, by Mr. Wesley; and had, at that early period, been admitted by him to the Lord's table.

Nearly sixty years had run their course since that time, and many and various were the changes and trials through which she had passed; but the Lord had preserved her by his power through faith. A class was soon formed in her house; and much did she prize the privilege until her death, which took place in 1832, and was peaceful and happy.

A grandson of this excellent woman was a constant attendant on my English service; influenced at first, I believe, by a desire to improve his knowledge of the language, as being serviceable in his mercantile pursuits; but it pleased God to make his word quick and powerful; and though, before my expulsion from the land, he had not told me what was passing through his mind, yet the persecutions of 1841-2 seemed to have inspired him with boldness; and, shortly after my departure, he united with the little flock, and even began to assist in their meetings held in private houses. Ere long, he was received into the Missionary Seminary at Basle; and I have most interesting accounts from Stockholm of his farewell visit to his friends there, and of his being allowed by the authorities to preach in our chapel there, closed against us for the present.

He has left Sweden, and is now on his voyage to

China as a regularly-appointed Missionary of the Cross. The Rev. Mr. Hamberg is a young man of no common mind, and possessed of great energy of character: he will doubtless, if spared, be made a great blessing. Another from Stockholm, an accomplished female, will, I believe, soon be appointed to the same vast field as a Teacher. Thus Methodism, through the Swedish Mission, is found labouring for the conversion of the Chinese, although Methodism at home is not yet able to take a more immediate part in that great work.

*Rev. George Scott.*

### CHRISTMAS JUVENILE OFFERINGS.

WE always like to tell our young friends good news; and it gives us now great pleasure to inform them that the collection for the "Juvenile Offering," last Christmas, amounts to £5,000. There would have been much more money got, if the weather had not been so cold; in many places the children were not able to get out for the snow. If our young Collectors will try and think how much good may be done with this five thousand pounds, how many children may be taught to read, and how many souls will be saved from hell by the preaching of the Missionaries whom it will keep, then they will be well rewarded for their trouble, and have good interest for their money.

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**THOMAS WALKER,  
WESLEYAN CHIEF IN NEW-ZEALAND.**

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.  
MAY, 1847.

—◆—  
THE NEW-ZEALANDERS.

*(Continued from page 46.)*

THOMAS WALKER.

I TOLD you last month a little about the New-Zealanders. The picture this month is a likeness of Nene, a New-Zealand Chief, baptized Thomas Walker, after Thomas Walker, Esq., of Stockton, a well-known friend of our Missions.

Of this chief Mr. Angas took the portrait, which has been copied that you might see what kind of a man he is; his dress is the war costume,—a mat made of dogskin. Thomas Walker is one of the principal New-Zealand Chiefs, and lives near the Mission station, on the banks of the Hokianga river. When he was young he was celebrated for his little thieving tricks; once, when on a visit to one of the Missionaries, he stole a goose, and baked it for his dinner in a native oven; but, that he might not be found out, he cooked the bird with its feathers on. It was soon missed; and the Missionary looked after his bird for some time in vain, till he smelled certain savoury steams coming from Nene's camp. However, it would have been thought very rude in New-Zealand to have told a Chief that he had been thieving; so he took no notice of his loss. The next morning, after Nene had gone away, they found the old goose hid amongst the bushes; it was too tough for even a New-Zealander to eat.

Some years after this, a Chief of East Cape killed a relation of Nene's, and, according to the customary law in New-Zealand of "blood for blood," Nene went in a vessel with only one attendant to seek revenge. Landing ne

the spot where the Chief lived, Nene entered his fort, called the murderer by name, and, after accusing him of the crime, levelled his gun and shot him dead at his feet, and then coolly walked away. Though he was in the midst of his enemies, none dared to touch him, they were all so surprised at his sudden appearance and great courage.

But Nene is no longer the thoughtless, mischievous New-Zealander: he was converted by the preaching of the Methodist Missionaries, and has been a consistent Christian ever since.



### FEEJEEAN CHILDREN.

WHEN you hear of the Feejeeans being cannibals, I suppose you think it is only the men who are so cruel as to eat human bodies; but I can tell you of something more shocking than this, for even the little children are obliged by their parents to eat human flesh, nay, even the mothers will give a piece of it to their babies to suck. The children in their sports play at having cannibal feasts; one child will pretend to be dead, and his companions will carry him about, singing cannibal songs: yet these children, who are taught from their infancy to be wicked, like to listen to the Missionary when he tells them about Jesus, and many of them leave off their wicked practices and become Christians. There was one little girl twelve years of age, the daughter of a Chief: she was sensible and steady, but sickly, and her mother asked Mrs. Cross, the Missionary's wife, to let her live with her, which she did; when she had been with Mr. and Mrs. Cross a little while, she got very poorly, and continued to get weaker till she died. About two months before her death she said she should like to meet in class, and paid great attention to what was said there. A few days before she died, Mr. Cross said to her, "Should you like to die now and go to heaven, or stay a little longer?" She replied, *Oku lelei koloabe*; that is, "All is well to live or die. A short time before she expired he

said to her, "If you should die, where do think you will go?" she instantly replied, "To heaven."

Such is the power of the Gospel: it changes the little cannibal child into a loving follower of Christ, and makes even the fierce Feejeean a humble, peaceable man.

Some people, who do not want to think the Scriptures are true, say, that if they could see a miracle performed, they would believe: now do you think they can wish for a greater miracle than this, that a man who was a murderer and a cannibal should, on having Christ preached to him, become a kind, loving, humble Christian?

My dear young friends, while we admire the grace of God in thus changing the hearts of the Heathen, let me ask you, Are your hearts changed? They must be made new, or you will never meet the little Feejee girl in heaven. Our Saviour says that many shall come from north and south into heaven, but the children of the kingdom shall be shut out. You have salvation offered to you; an eternal crown of glory will be yours if you are Christ's. Pray that he will give you grace to live to him; say, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth."

Whilst we pray for the Heathen, let us also pray for ourselves; that we may all have a happy meeting around the throne of God, and spend an eternity in recounting the glories of redeeming love.



### SPEECH AT A MISSIONARY MEETING IN NEW-ZEALAND.

BY PATUONE, THOMAS WALKER'S BROTHER.

THIS is my thought, the thought of Patuone. I am from the seat of wickedness. When I heard of the Gospel, I thought to myself I would recline upon it: God hath made the world, the trees, the herbage; and He has given us His word, and I will seek to be saved by it. This is all I have to say.

*Angas's New-Zealand.*

## LINES ON A DYING BOY,

THE SON OF A MISSIONARY IN NEW ZEALAND.

BESIDE the dark Waikato's stream,  
That mother watch'd her dying child ;  
Brooding, as in one fitful dream,  
With mingled hopes and fancies wild.

And as the boy grew thin and weak,  
He grew more beautiful and fair ;  
And the bright flush upon his cheek  
Told Death had set his signet there.

She murmur'd not ; for she had seen  
The wild waves closing o'er the dead ;  
Famine and flame, where she had been ;  
Hopes crush'd, and joys for ever fled.

The woman's heart, by love made strong,  
Had fearless sought that southern shore ;  
And the dark race she dwelt among  
Were strangers to the word no more.

She murmur'd not, though, one by one,  
Her every tie to earth was riven ;  
For always as the day was done,  
The fading sunlight told of Heaven.

Like Hagar and the desert child,  
She bowed before her Maker's will ;  
A stranger in the distant wild,  
Beside that river dark and still.

And as she watch'd her dying boy,  
His young life ebbing day by day,  
A kind of melancholy joy  
Would often through her musings stray.

Though, in the forest's calm retreat,  
Upon his grave the flowers might bloom,  
She knew that they once more would meet  
Beyond the quiet of the tomb.

'T was a sweet place, wherein to die ;  
Too bright a spot to call a grave ;  
Beneath the tree-fern's shade to lie,  
Beside Waikato's murmuring wave.

*Angas's New-Zealand.*



## MOSHEU'S VISIT.

A STORY OF MR. MOFFAT.

IN 1834, there came to the Kuruman Mission-Station, in South Africa, a Coranna Chief, of the name of Mosheu. He came on the back of an ox, with two or three attendants. He looked clean, was tolerably well dressed, and had a mild and interesting countenance. He stopped at the Missionary's door, and asked where he should put up. The Missionary, whose name was Moffat, asked what he had come for, and he said, "To see you!" This seemed to be true enough, for he looked at Mr. Moffat from head to foot. Mr. Moffat did not shave in Africa, and he thought the stranger was struck with his long black beard. Then he looked about very anxiously at all he saw in Mr. Moffat's house,—the family and furniture. Mr. Moffat directed him where to lodge for the night, and sent a person to offer him some supper. This person came back to say that Mosheu had brought plenty of food with him. The Missionaries were surprised indeed; for all their native visitors used to come to them as hungry as hawks, and expecting to be well feasted at their expense. Mosheu could understand a little of the Sechuana language, so he was able next morning to hear a little of the Gospel; but he did not seem as if he was listening. He stayed two days, did not ask for anything, and, when he was going away, he held Mr. Moffat's hand in his, and said, "I came to see you; my visit has given me pleasure, and now I return home."

Some time after, he came again; and this time he brought a large party with him,—his wife, his brother, and other relations. They had all come five days' journey on ox-back. It was indeed a delightful surprise to the Missionaries, to find that his whole anxiety now was, to be a child of God. Whenever he began to speak on the subject, his tears would flow. He said, "When I first visited you, I had only one heart; but now I have come with two. I cannot rest; my eyes will not slumber, because of"

things you told me on my first visit." It seemed that during his solitary ride across the lonely plains, after his first visit, he had thought deeply on the words of the Missionaries. As soon as he reached his own people, he began to teach them what he had heard. His wife, his brother, and his brother's wife, became deeply interested also; and, at length, they set off together to the Kuruman, to learn more fully what they must do to be saved. They stayed as long as they possibly could, eagerly seeking instruction, and seemed unwilling to go. Before they left, Mosheu entreated Mr. Moffat to visit his distant village. Mr. Moffat had so much else to do, that he feared it might be a long time before he could do this. Mosheu held his hand, and, looking earnestly in his face, said, "Just look at me, and try to refuse me if you can. There are many at home who cannot come so far, and I cannot remember all that I have heard; I shall forget some on the road." Mr. Moffat was moved, and promised to go as soon as he could. Mosheu thought him long in coming, and was on his way to the Kuruman with his friends, to pay another visit, when he heard that Mr. Moffat was on the road. He made haste back to his village, and anxiously waited for the Missionary.

Mr. Moffat was very tired when he reached Mosheu's village. It was Saturday night, and he wanted to lie down to rest, but that was quite out of the question. As soon as he arrived, a hue and cry was raised, and old and young came running to see the wonderful white visitor. They could not be satisfied till they had all given his hand a squeeze, and it was midnight before they left him. He then threw himself down in his waggon to sleep. After he had had just one little nap, he peeped out, and was surprised to see a whole congregation waiting before the waggon. They saw him put his head out, and directly some of them ran to tell the rest of the village that he was awake. They were so eager to hear him preach, that he was obliged to begin, without waiting even to take a cup of coffee. He took for his text, "God so loved the world, that he gave

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his only begotten Son," &c. While he preached, all was silence and attention. If now and then a dog barked, a stone was thrown at his head to punish him. Two milk-maids stood the whole of the time with their milking vessels in their hands, for fear they should lose a word.

After service, Mr. Moffat went to the bed of the river to wash away the dust of his journey, and came back, thinking to have his breakfast, but the people were again assembling, and begging him to preach. He asked for half an hour to get some breakfast. Mosheu's wife hobbled off to her house, and fetched him a large vessel of sour milk, saying, "There! drink away,—drink much,—and you will be able to speak long." He drank, and again stood up to preach to his eager congregation. When he had done, some gathered in companies to talk the subject over, and others came to ask him many questions about it. There was a young man standing at a little distance, very oddly dressed. He had on part of one leg of a pair of trowsers,—and part of the skin of a zebra's head, with the ears hanging down, on his head, for a hat. He was speaking with great animation to a number of people round him, who were all attention. Mr. Moffat went up to them to hear what it was all about, and he found that the young man was preaching his sermon over again almost word for word. He was repeating it with great solemnity, and imitating Mr. Moffat's manner and actions. When Mr. Moffat praised his excellent memory, he did not seem vain. He touched his forehead with his finger, and said, "When I hear anything great, it remains here." This young man did not live long, but there is reason to hope that he died a true believer.

In the evening, after the cows were milked, and the herds had laid themselves down in the fold, a congregation for the third time stood before Mr. Moffat's waggon. There were no lamps to light them, but the bright silvery moon shone on their dark and earnest countenances. When the sermon was done, they lingered about the waggon, asking more questions, and repeating over and over a



what they had heard. It was late at night before the tired Missionary could get any rest, but he was well pleased to have such work to fatigue him. How pleased would your Ministers be, dear readers, to see you so much in earnest about salvation as were these poor Corannas!

The next day, the wind was too high for out-of-door-service, but Mr. Moffat was very busy all day in giving many of the people a first lesson in reading in their own little houses. They thought that he could teach them in one lesson, or put it into their heads in some such easy way as he gave medicine to the sick. In the evening they again gathered together for public worship. When that was over, every body wanted to learn to read directly. Mr. Moffat had brought two or three young people with him from the Kuruman school, and he set them to teach, and placed a number of scholars in a circle round each of them. The new pupils could not all see the small letters in the spelling books by the light of the moon, but they shouted out the names of the letters along with those who could see them, and they thought that this would do just as well as seeing the shape.

It was late, and Mr. Moffat was very tired, but now the chief men took it into their heads that he must teach them to read. He found a large sheet-alphabet among his papers, and he placed it on the ground, while his tall pupils knelt in a circle round it. You shall hear the rest in his own words. "I began pointing with a stick; and when I pronounced one letter, all hallooed to some purpose. When I remarked that perhaps we might manage with somewhat less noise, one replied, he was sure the louder he roared, the sooner his tongue would get used to 'the seeds,' as he called the letters. As it was growing late, I rose to straighten my back, which was beginning to tire, when I saw some young folks come dancing and skipping towards me, who, without any ceremony, seized hold of me. 'O teach us the A B C, with music,' every one cried, giving me no time to tell them that it was too late. They had heard about this through one of my boys.

Dragged and pushed, I entered one of the largest native houses, which was instantly crowded. The tune of 'Auld lang syne'\* was pitched to A B C. Each succeeding round was joined by fresh voices, till every tongue was vocal, and every countenance beamed with heartfelt satisfaction. The longer they sang, the more freedom was felt, and 'Auld lang syne' was echoed to the farthest corner of the village.—After two hours' singing and puffing I obtained permission, with some difficulty, to leave them. It was between two and three in the morning. Worn out in mind and body, I lay down in my waggon, cap and shoes and all, just to have a few hours' sleep before starting on my journey homeward. As the 'music-hall' was not far from my pillow, there was little chance of sleeping soundly, for the young singers seemed unwearied, and A B C to 'Auld lang syne,' went on till I was ready to wish it at John o' Groat's house. The company at length broke up; and awaking in the morning, after a short sleep, I was not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village. The maids milking the cows, and the boys tending the calves, were humming their alphabet over again."

The next day, all the people of the village went with Mr. Moffat some way on his journey; and when they were obliged to part, they all stood looking after him till his waggon was hid from them by a thick grove of trees. Mosheu and his people made very pleasing progress in Christian knowledge. They would often come on journeys to the Kuruman, or to the French Missionary Station at Motito, to get more instruction. Forty or fifty men, women, and children, all mounted on oxen, might be seen coming over the plain on this errand. They would bring with them a number of milch cows, that they might not put the Missionaries and their friends to expense, and they would stay two months at a time, learning diligently. Andries, the brother of Mosheu, got on so well, that he was chosen schoolmaster to his people. He left his son

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\* A favourite Scotch tune. Mr. Moffat came from Scotlar

with the French Missionary to be taught, and Mosheu placed his daughter under Mrs. Moffat's care. Mosheu's daughter gained much knowledge, and she became a Christian girl, but she did not live to teach her people what she had learned. It must have been a sore trial to Mosheu and his wife to lose her, but they did not now shrink with horror from the thought of death, as in the days when they were Heathens. They would go and sit on her grave, and talk with pleasure on the sure prospect of meeting her in the heavenly world.

In this country, none need go five days' journey to learn the way to heaven; yet who set their hearts upon finding it as these poor Corannas did? My dear reader, are you sure that they will not rise up against you in judgment at the last day? Many of them are pressing into the kingdom of God, while you perhaps, with a Bible in your hand, and Christian friends to teach you, are remaining without.

May, 1844.

*Missionary Stories.*



### HORRIBLE CUSTOM.

THE natives of South Australia use the skulls of their relatives as drinking vessels; they take off the lower jaw, and make two holes in the skulls, through which they put a string, and carry it on the arm.

Mr. Angas, who was travelling in that country, was one day in the woods, and met with a little girl and her grandfather, a poor helpless old man, almost a skeleton. They were frightened at the sight of an Englishman, and begged him not to do them any harm. He persuaded them to go with him to his tent, and gave them something to eat. The child was about ten years of age; she had a skull hanging on her arm: IT WAS HER MOTHER'S SKULL, from which she frequently drank water.



### ABSURDITIES OF HINDOOISM.

THE Hindoos carry on a complete system of bargaining with their gods, or rather a compound system of flattering, cajoling, bargaining, and threatening. The most ordinary method is the contracting: "If you will grant me so and so, I will give you so and so, such and such sweetmeats, fruits, flowers," &c.; or, "I will worship you alone for so many days." If this is not successful, they say: "If you will not give me so and so, I will keep you without a drop of water;" or, "I will put a rope round your neck and drag you round the house;" or, the most disgraceful of all, "I will beat you with a slipper." In times of drought, or of any great extremity, they will absolutely brick up the entrance to an image, and threaten to keep their god close prisoner, until he shall help them. This took place at Nassuck, a few years ago, when the poor god was bricked up, and kept without water, offerings, or adoration, until the rain began to fall, when they liberated their prisoner, and begged his pardon.

*From a Church Missionary Society Publication.*



### EXTENT OF MISSIONARY EFFORT.

It has been said that the sun never sets on the dominions of our Queen; that is, that before the sun sets in England it has risen in the West Indies; before it is lost sight of there, the natives of New-Zealand see it; then Australia, and India, and Africa, are all in turns lighted by its beams, till we see it in England again.

So it is with our Missionary stations; the sun never sets on our Missionaries' labours, but is always shining on some spot where the Gospel is preached; and wherever the name of Christ is proclaimed, there also the Sun of righteousness arises with healing in his wings, enlightening many hearts that but for his presence would have remained in everlasting darkness. O may the time quickly come when the whole world shall be filled with the glory of Lord!



## PERSECUTION SPREADS THE GOSPEL.

In the year 1841, a widow lady in Stockholm, who had a large boarding-school, and who allowed the young ladies, according to the custom of the place, a little "innocent" sewing, or dancing, or card-playing on the Sabbath-day, began to attend the Methodist chapel. The Gospel was made the power of God to her salvation, and at once all the strange reasonings of carnal-minded professors on the obligations of the Christian Sabbath vanished, and she could no longer permit in her establishment what God's word told her was a sinful profanation of the Lord's day.

The Editors of the public papers, ever ready to catch up and publish any facts that might exhibit the dangerous tendencies of Methodism, made known that this boarding-school had become infected, and at once every pupil was removed, and the good woman left without the means of support. She did not, however, swerve in the hour of trial. She had found the pearl of great price, and took joyfully the spoiling of her goods.

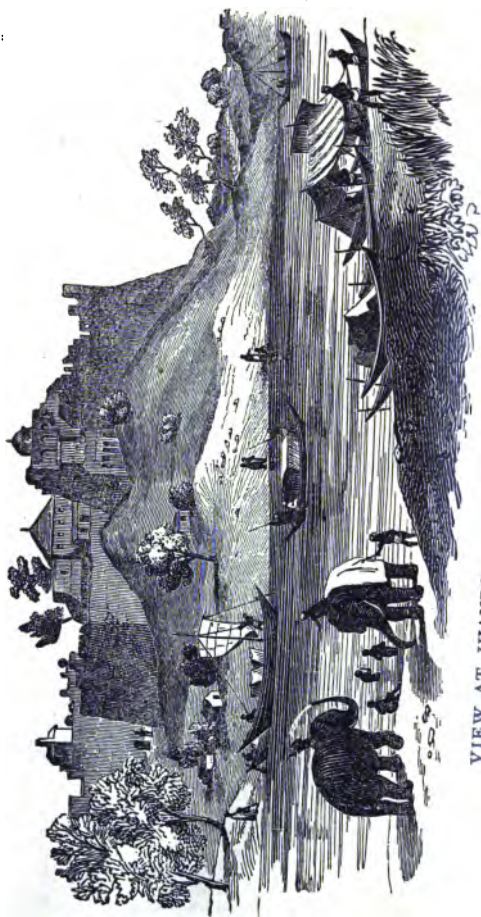
In a short time she was induced to open a school in a small town about one hundred miles south of Stockholm; and, by the good providence of God, succeeded in obtaining a livelihood, with which, though much inferior to former times, she was heartily content. As far as I know, the only leaven of vital godliness in that dark and wicked place was hid in her heart; but she could not eat her morsel alone, and was made an instrument of much good; so that she clearly saw why it was that the enemy was permitted to drive her from the capital.

*Rev. George Scott.*

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VIEW AT JUANPORE. ON THE RIVER.

THE

## WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JUNE, 1847.



### JUANPORE, NORTH OF INDIA.

JUANPORE is the capital of a district of the same name, about forty miles from Benares, in the north of India. There is a bridge over the river which has stood two hundred and sixty-five years : during the floods, the bridge is quite under water.

A Church Missionary lives at Juanpore; and in the dry season he takes his daily station on the bridge, which is the greatest thoroughfare in or near the city, and proclaims the Gospel to all who will listen, and is sometimes encouraged by an attentive audience.

There is a great deal of traffic on the river, as you may see by the number of boats sailing upon it.

The elephants represented in the picture seem to be enjoying their watering : one is spirting the water out of his trunk over his keeper. These animals are very docile and obedient.

There is a story told of some elephants who were almost starved before it was discovered how their keepers cheated them of their food. When their master saw that his elephants grew thin and weak, he appointed persons to see them fed every day ; and these people saw the keepers give the elephants the food of which they were most fond,—rich balls, called *massaulla*, composed of spices, sugar, and butter, &c. The elephants took these balls up in their trunks, and put them into their mouths, in the presence of the persons who were appointed to see them fed ; but still the elephants, though they seemed to eat so much every day, continued thin and weak.

At length the cheat was discovered ; and it shows the extraordinary influence the keepers had obtained over these docile animals. They had taught them, in the inspector's presence, to receive the balls, and to put them into their mouths with their trunks, but to abstain from eating them ; and these tractable crea-



tures actually had such command over themselves, that they received this food, of which they are so remarkably fond, and placed it in their mouths, but never chewed it; and the balls remained untouched, until the *inspectors* (that is, the people who had been appointed to see them fed) withdrew. The elephants then took them out carefully with their trunks, and presented them to the keepers; accepting such a share only as they were pleased to allow them.

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### "LET US PRAY."

I AM afraid we do not pray enough for the heathen children in India who give up their false gods and turn Christians. Perhaps some of you do not know to what trials they are exposed. I will tell you about one youth who has just been baptized at Goobee in India: he is eighteen years old, and had attended the Mission-school for some time: about four months ago he said he wished to be baptized; as soon as his friends heard of his resolution to become a Christian, they all met together and questioned him about it; and finding him firm in his purpose, they excluded him from Caste; that is, they would no longer speak to him, eat with him, or have anything at all to do with him.

On Sunday morning, the 11th of October, in the presence of seventy-five boys, two Schoolmasters, and about thirty-five regular hearers, Rungo, for that was his name, repeated his belief in the blessed and holy Trinity, and answered very satisfactorily many questions which were proposed to him. Before administering the ordinance of baptism, Mr. Hardey the Missionary said to his father, "Anamante, your son has renounced his Caste, and the religion of his ancestors; but, though he now does this in the presence of this congregation, he is still *your son*. His forsaking the religion of his fathers does not, in the least, alter his relation to you as your son, neither your relation to him as his father! He is still your son, and you are still his father!" Upon this, the old man, in the presence of all, said, "No,

he is no longer my son, no longer my child!" This was the moment of trial. The young man, in the act of renouncing Heathenism, and receiving baptism, at the same moment loses his father and mother, his sister and brother. The scene was one of painful and pleasing interest. Whilst the Missionaries rejoiced to add another to their little flock, they could not but think of the anguish they themselves should have felt, had they, in the very act of renouncing the world, and joining themselves to the church, in that very same moment, been disinherited and forsaken by those they loved and esteemed.

As soon as the service was closed, the old man stood by the chapel door, and told Rungo, now Joseph, that he must never enter his house again, as he was no longer his son or child. The young Christian, thus cast upon the world, the Missionaries took to their own house, and cannot, dare not, forsake him who has forsaken his all for Christ's sake.

Now how different it is with you, my dear young friends! When you become religious, your parents rejoice, your friends praise you, and even the world will respect you; instead of losing all, you gain all. O! how thankful should you be for such mercies, and how earnest in prayer for those who have them not! I will give you one more account of another Indian youth who most especially needs your prayers: it is written by Mr. Hardey: who says,

The baptism of Joseph did not in the least affect our school, which now numbered seventy-two boys and four girls. But, on Tuesday, the 13th October, Narasymah, a very respectable Brahmin boy, who has been almost entirely under my care for nearly four years, frankly confessed his entire disbelief in the Hindoo religion, and his entire belief in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. He told me distinctly that he was very anxious at once to receive Christian baptism. After speaking very closely with him as to the utter unprofitableness of a Christian name without possessing the vital power of godliness, he replied:

"Sir, nothing but a strong desire to save my soul would induce me thus to ask for Christian baptism. I know many in Mysore and Bangalore, who have the name of Christians," referring to the Papists, "but who have no religion in their hearts. I have many respectable relatives in Mysore, Bangalore, and Toomkoor, all of whom would at once renounce me, were I to become a Christian; but I know my eternal happiness depends upon it. And, do you think, Sir, I would give up parents, friends, and all that is dear to me, simply for the name of a Christian? If I become a Christian, I wish to be one in heart and life." With many other such words did he cause our hearts to rejoice. Before baptizing him, we felt it our duty to send for his father, who is a Pundit, and a man of great influence in Goobee, that we might inform him fully of the change which had taken place in his son's mind. As soon as he had heard our statement, he said, "I was prepared to hear what you have now stated; but let my son alone till January or February next, as, between this time and that, I expect to recover my share in my father's possessions, which amounts to 3,000 or 4,000 rupees. And, should my son become a Christian just now, I shall lose every rupee of it. Now, as I have told you before, in a year from this time, when placed beyond the reach of my relations, I, with my wife and children, will all become Christians." This looked very plausible; for we know the man well, and have for several years indulged hopes concerning himself. This fair speech for the moment made the young man falter, as he acknowledged the truth of what his father had said respecting the rupees. We wished Narasymah to speak his mind fully before us and his father; but the old man commanded him to be silent; and, in a moment, our brighter hopes seemed to vanish away. We then made the father promise not to prevent his son from coming to the Mission-house as usual, and he said, "If my son do not come as usual, then never again believe my word." He did not come as usual, and for three or four days we saw nothing of him.

He wrote a letter to me in Canarese from his father's house, in which he spoke very feelingly of the sufferings he was enduring in his mind on the subject of his soul's salvation. In the same letter he says three several times, he will become a Christian.

Being obliged to leave Goobee for Bangalore, I was afraid I should not see him again, and replied to his letter, in which I encouraged him to stand fast in the midst of all his persecutions, and warned him against the snares which would be set for his feet. This letter I sent to his house, but he was already in Toomkoor. But, to our great joy, on the morning of the day on which we left for Bangalore, Narasymah again made his appearance, and stayed with us several hours. I, of course, made the best use of this opportunity, warning him against delay. He solemnly avowed his full and decided determination to receive Christian baptism on the first opportunity which should present itself, which would now be in January or February next. I put into his hand the letter I had written to him; and upon reading it, he expressed great pleasure. This letter, I have since heard, fell into the hands of his father, who immediately collected together all the influential men in Goobee, and read my letter to them. He then appealed to them on the danger of allowing any of their children to read our books, and said, "If you do suffer your children to read the books of the Padres," (meaning the Missionaries,) "they will become corrupted, and you may then look out for the consequences. Here," holding up my letter to his son, "you have positive proof that the Padres are resolved upon the seduction of your children." Being an eloquent speaker, and possessing great influence over the minds of the people, this well-devised stratagem so well succeeded, that the number of our boys was at once reduced from seventy-five to fifty.



## A STORY FROM AFRICA.

The Rev. J. Weitbrecht told this story at a Church Missionary Meeting; the lady was his sister: and if our readers shed a tear with the little Heathen boy who wept for his departed friend, let them rejoice too, that it was not in vain she obeyed God's word, "Sow beside all waters."

"How shall I part with thee—my loved, mine own?  
How shall a mother breathe the sad farewell?  
Thy voice of love hath music in its tone,  
Wakening the heart's deep echoes with its swell."

But that sweet voice made answer, "Mother dear,  
'Tis to the service of my God I go;  
Sweet are the household ties which bind me here,  
But Jesus calls,—my Shepherd's voice I know;

"And I would follow—though the pathway lie  
Where thorn and brier wound my pilgrim feet:  
He will in mercy 'guide me with his eye,'  
And trial, in his service, shall be sweet."

"Yes, I could yield thee to the Master's call,  
If thou mightst *live* for him; but ah! to go  
Where Afric's death-dews round thy path shall fall,  
And thy fair head 'neath fell disease shall bow,—

"My child! it may not be—abide thou here;  
To thine own country's weal thy life be given:"—  
The daughter turned to hide the swelling tear—  
It fell on earth—its record was in heaven.

And He who mark'd its fall, beheld in love  
That young heart's willing service—and he bade  
Amid that mother's thoughts his Spirit move,  
Till sweet response their yielding music made.

“ Yes, go, my child ! to Jesus I can yield thee ;  
What time thou art afraid, go trust in him :  
Mid shade or sunshine still his love can shield thee,  
Or take thee where no cloud thy sun may dim.

“ And though no more thy mother’s watchful eye  
May brighten in thy smile, or weep with thee,  
In all life’s varying scenes He shall be nigh,  
E’en as a mother comforteth, to comfort thee.

“ A little while, and they who part in tears  
Shall meet in glory : I shall look on thee  
Shining with brightness which no seraph wears,  
A fadeless star in heaven’s own galaxy.

“ I would not keep from thee the glorious crown  
Which waits for all the ‘ faithful unto death ; ’  
Bought with a price,—thou art no more mine own,  
I yield thee to thy God in hope and faith.”

And that beloved one cross’d the wild sea wave,  
And sought a home beyond its swelling tide :  
Youth’s dewy hour unto her God she gave ;  
And ere its noon-day sun looked forth, she died !

Was it in vain she cross’d the heaving sea ?  
In vain she left her early home of love ?—  
O’er ocean’s wave an answer comes to thee,  
And holier music echoeth from above.

\* \* \* \* \*  
’T is Afric’s shore—what meets thine earnest eye ?  
A lowly mound of earth—the stranger’s grave ;  
No costly marble tells the passer-by  
Why, young and frail, she cross’d the sea’s blue wave.

But there a little child sits mournfully—  
Down his dark cheek the heavy tear-drops fall ;  
“ My mother ! O, my mother ! ” is his cry ;  
He listens, but none answereth to his call.

Well may he call her by the tender name  
Of mother ; he had known no second birth,  
Till on the stranger's lips the story came  
Of boundless grace in heaven, and "peace on earth."

Wait, little mourner, wait ! for them who sleep  
In Jesus, God shall bring in glory soon ;  
Soon, soon shall pass earth's shadows dark and deep,  
To dim no more heaven's high, unclouded noon.

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And can we hear no music from above  
In gentle breathings, soft and low and clear ?  
The trembling echo of that hymn of love,  
Too sweet in its deep tones for mortal ear ?

Methinks *her* voice is swelling that glad song,  
*Her* palm-branch waves amid that ransom'd band ;  
*Her* gentle form is seen amid the throng  
Who "walk in white" amid Emmanuel's land.

And therefore that fond mother dries her tears ;  
For she is journeying on ;—a little while,  
And faith shall change to sight ; a few short years,  
And she shall greet her daughter's welcoming smile.

O, ye who look around on home's sweet bower,  
On every loved one safely shelter'd there ;  
Withhold not from your God the fairest flower—  
Yield—freely yield to Him its opening fair.

What, though it fade on earth to bloom on high ?  
A brother's voice this simple story told ;  
And *he* had learned to bow submissively,  
Yea—and to joy for her safe gather'd to the fold.

E. M. I.

*From the Juvenile Missionary Keepsake.*



## NEW-ZEALAND.

(Continued from page 50.)

TRAVELLING in New-Zealand is very difficult: the forests are so thick that a path is often obliged to be cut through them before any one can pass. In the spring of 1844, Mr. Angas set out on a journey of eight hundred miles to see the country, and observe the manners and customs of the native tribes. He says:—

THE day we started from Auckland was fair and calm. My fellow-traveller and myself set off in excellent spirits, accompanied by five Maori (or New-Zealand) lads, who carried our baggage; this consisted of bundles of clothing, sketching apparatus, collecting boxes, a small tent, and a basket of provisions; which they carried in their *pikau* or knapsacks, strapped over their shoulders with the leaves of flax. As we passed along, our lads exchanged farewell salutations with their native friends; the latter shouting out, with a long condoling whine, *Haera ra! haera ra!*—which means, “Go, my friends! go!” This was returned by *E noho!* “Remain, my friends! remain!”

After travelling for some time, we struck into one of the native paths, which are never wide enough for two persons to travel abreast; and wading through several swamps and flax marshes, in which we found our long *toko tokos* (or long poles) of great assistance, we arrived at the banks of the Tamaki river. The tide being out, mud and slime covered the margin of the stream for a considerable distance. Here we were obliged to strip and ford the river, wading across the mud flats, into which we sank at every step nearly up to our middles. It was a difficult matter to get our feet out of the mire, while thousands of small crabs kept biting our legs as we toiled slowly through the sludge, rendering our situation anything but an enviable one. We at length reached the opposite shore; and after scraping the mud off our limbs with flax-leaves, we resumed our journey.

After travelling for some days through forests, lodging in a log hut at night, with very little food to eat, they came to another river.



It was a deep and sluggish stream; and, as no trees were near, nor any means of crossing except by stripping and plunging in, we waited until our lads came up; they all soon took off their shirts and trousers, which they flung across to the opposite bank along with their poles and blankets, and then waded the river with the luggage on their heads, the water being up to their necks. After conveying the bundles across, they returned for ourselves, and carried us over, with our feet resting on one fellow's shoulders and our backs on the head of another. It was ticklish work, and the lads enjoyed it amazingly; joking my friend, who lay remarkably still, by saying that they were carrying a dead body. The Maories are remarkable for their natural gaiety: they are merry fellows; always laughing and joking, especially during the adventures of a journey, to which they are extremely partial: look when you will, they are sure to laugh; and though they have had but little to eat to-day, they are full of fun.

Towards the afternoon, we came in sight of the native settlement of Tuimata, prettily situated in a rich valley on the borders of a forest, part of which had been cut down for a potato ground. At the *kainga*, or "native settlement," we found about thirty people.

The Chief, whose baptized name was Haimona (Simon), a strong grey-haired man, sat to me for his portrait, as did also his wife and child. After pitching our little tent, and partaking of some food, I set to work, though the rain again descended in torrents. I sat beneath the shelter of a native verandah or porch, whilst my patient sitters were exposed to the rain. The wife appeared highly satisfied with my sketch, as did the old Chief, who sat by my side, saying it was *wakapaipai*, or "beautiful;" whilst all the time I was nearly stifled by the horrible smell that came from a vessel of stinking Indian corn: a relish of which the natives are very fond.

At sunset the natives went through their *karakia*, or "worship," which is performed by the Christians every night and morning. Not having a bell, the signal to prayers was given by striking an iron pot with a stone; and presently afterwards we heard their voices, all singing the evening hymn in the Maori (or New-Zealand) tongue.

We started at six o'clock, and marched several miles before we

halted to cook our breakfast. We crossed two native bridges over marshy creeks; they were constructed by laying a great quantity of fern across small trunks of trees. We now entered a gloomy forest, the path through which was rendered difficult and annoying by the liands and roots of various climbers catching our feet at every step beneath the mud.

*(To be continued.)*

## A HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

THIS is the income of the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the year 1846! it is a great deal of money! a very large sum! the largest I should think that ever has been collected by any Missionary Society. There is a great deal of money given by the Wesleyan Methodists for religious purposes; for besides what is subscribed to the Missions, there are tens of thousands of pounds given for chapels, schools, and many other things besides.

When Mr. Wesley was alive, he was very much afraid the Methodists would become a rich people, and then get worldly, and lose their religion; indeed, he said, "He did not see how they could help getting rich; for when a man joined the society, he immediately became frugal, sober, and industrious, and saved money." "The only thing," he said, "that will save the Methodists and help them to keep their religion is, for them to give away a great deal." I think they are acting according to his wish.

Now, my dear young friends, whilst we are thankful and happy that so much money has been got, be grateful to God that he has put it in your hearts to work for him; it is a great honour to be so engaged, for it is a service in which angels delight.

There is one thing to be noticed about this HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS; which is, that there have not been many large sums subscribed, but the greater part has been given by people who are comparatively poor. If

the rich gave in the same proportion as the poor, the Missionary income would be much larger than it is. Did you ever know a rich child who gave to the Missions all the money she received for one whole year? Yet the little orphan girl at Lynn that Mr. Holroyd tells us about, did it. Verily they who make such sacrifices shall have their reward.

And now just a word for 1847 : perhaps we shall not get so much money this year as we did last ; there is a great deal of distress in our own land, and many want our help to buy food. But let us see if we can find out new ways of getting money for the Missions. God will bless our efforts, and with his blessing what is there we cannot do? Be encouraged, my dear young friends, to persevere in your efforts, and God will reward your labour of love !

### SHOE-LESS CHILDREN.

MR. RABONE, the Missionary at Habai, Friendly Islands, wrote to England two years ago, for some clothes to be sent for himself and his children.

A letter has just been received from him, in which he mentions, that the things all arrived safely ; and says, " Our object in now writing is to express our feeling of great obligation and thankfulness for your kind attention to our wants in these matters, as in all others. Our children literally danced for joy, at having such an excellent supply of shoes ; which you will better understand, when I tell you that many times they have been shoe-less."

*Habai, July 10th, 1846.*

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HOT SPRINGS IN FREEJEE.

THE

## WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JULY, 1847.



### HOT SPRINGS IN FEEJEE.

THERE are hot springs in almost all the countries in the world : they are streams of water which rise up out of the earth, sometimes boiling hot, so that you could not bear your hand in them : it is said that in some of these springs food has been cooked. Hot springs have been found in India, New-Zealand, Iceland, and in several countries in Europe : the baths in Germany are very celebrated ; and the hot springs in Bath used to be much frequented by persons who were ill, as they were thought to be very beneficial in curing different disorders.

Hot springs are sometimes caused by volcanoes ; I do not know if those in Feejee are, though I think it very likely, as there are many volcanoes to be seen in the different islands in the South Seas. Some people think that all the groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean have been formed by volcanoes ; they have been raised up from the bottom of the sea by fire under the earth, which has caused the ground to heave up ; and when it has risen above the top of the water, the fire has burst forth.

The picture is copied from a sketch sent from Feejee by Mr. Hunt, the Missionary there. The natives of Feejee, though they wear little clothing, are very particular about dressing their heads : they wear large wigs of hair frizzed out to a great size, and they are very careful not to crush their grand wigs. When they lie down, they have wooden pillows to rest their heads on ; these pillows are made of blocks hollowed out to hold the neck, so that the head hangs over, and their wigs are not injured.



## NEW-ZEALAND TRAVELLING.

*(Continued from page 71.)*

WE again entered a thick forest, frequently travelling through mud which was knee-deep. The rain fell in torrents during the morning, and the dripping forest resembled a shower-bath. Fern and forest-land alternated all the way, until we came in sight of the Waikato river, meandering through a rich country, amidst hills clothed with trees. It was a welcome sight, as here we knew that our journey on foot would be interrupted for a day or two; having to ascend the river in canoes to Waipa. On reaching the banks of the Waikato, we found that one large canoe had already started with a part of our native escort, who were pushing on to reach Koruakopupu before sunset: there, being Christian natives, they intended to spend the Sabbath, which was on the following day.

The number of our party amounted to about twenty-five, and away we started for Koruakopupu; keeping near the bank to avoid meeting the strength of the current, which flows most rapidly towards the middle of the river. Our people, stripped to the waist, each with a mat round his loins, paddled away most lustily; and we glided on swiftly, propelled by at least a dozen paddles.

Our natives, anxious to reach the village where we were to halt on the Sabbath, (for the Missionary natives very seldom travel on that day,) pulled merrily, timing the strokes of their paddles with a chant, shouted with deafening noise; one answering to another: their loud and barbarous singing may be heard at a great distance on the water. The burden of our paddlers' chant was, "Pull away, pull away—this is not pulling."

We landed at a small *pah* or "settlement," close to the right bank of the river, which proved to be Koruakopupu; here we pitched our tent, overlooking the broad surface of the Waikato river, at about half-a-dozen yards from its brink. Just outside the railings of the *pah* stands a *ware puni*, or "hot-house," for strangers to sleep in. Our lads occupied this lodging, which they heated nearly to suffocation with a large fire; and then closing the door and window, they crawled in, and lay huddled together all night in an atmosphere that would stifle almost any European: in the

morning they came out into the sharp, cold, dewy air, with the perspiration dripping from their bodies.

The evening bell sounded for worship within the *pahi*, and the native Teacher, Wirihona, or Wilson, read prayers to his party. Our lads cooked an excellent supper for us ; consisting of masses of small fish enclosed in flax-leaves, and tied up in bundles ; these packages were placed upright before the fire, against a frame of sticks, and were kept turned around until sufficiently cooked, when they emptied them out of the broad leaves beautifully done, and we thought them the most delicious supper imaginable. During our repast, a facetious native popped his head into the tent, and exclaimed, "How fast you are eating your suppers !"—and next morning, whilst breakfasting in front of our tent, we gave a plateful of fragments to several lads who were watching us, when one of them shrewdly remarked, "The dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their master's table ; so we are eating your leavings." They are naturally witty, and fond of a joke.

During the night we had heavy rain, and the clouds hung low upon the hills this morning ; the air in the neighbouring woods was rendered quite fragrant with the *horopito*, and the dark trees were reflected on the smooth surface of the Waikato. Several canoes, filled with natives, arrived from the opposite side of the river for morning worship, and returned again after the service was concluded. The worship was conducted with great propriety and decorum, and the hearers were devout and attentive. There were three services during the day ; AND THE SABBATH APPEARED TO BE MORE STRICTLY REGARDED BY THESE PEOPLE THAN IT IS AMONGST EUROPEANS IN GENERAL.

It became necessary to send away the Chief's little boy from the doorway of our tent, as the stench arising from a cake that he was eating, made of shark and putrid maize, was more than our noses could bear. The children soon afterwards began to cram themselves with *hingu* cakes,—a black, filthy mass, consisting of the fruit of the *hinau* tree pressed together, and kept till quite rotten and musty, which they eat eagerly. Excepting the putrid corn, one can hardly imagine anything more disgusting : they tell us it is good for them, but would not suit the *pakeha* (or Englishman).

At a small *kainga* one of our party left us, with his musket and basket, wading through the marshy flax and bulrushes



to gain the shore, and saying "How d' ye do?" in English as a farewell salute to his companions. Away he went, pushing through the fern, and we speeded onwards towards Kaitote, the pah of the celebrated Te Whero Whero, who is the principal Chief of all the Waikato tribes.

*(To be continued.)*

### MISSIONARY GEOGRAPHY.

I HOPE my young friends you always try to find out, on the map of the world, the places about which you read in the Juvenile Offering; you will feel much more interested in the Mission Stations, if you know exactly where they are. Sometimes in one number we take you almost all over the world; first tell you something about Feejee, then take a long stride to the North American Indians, then, perhaps, a little story of New South Wales, and so we go round the world. Now it is very awkward for you not to know where these places are; you cannot tell if the country is hot or cold, an island or a continent.

I know a young person who had been to school for some years, who thought Cape Coast on the Western coast of Africa, and the Cape of Good Hope, were the same place; whereas they are several thousand miles distant apart. I heard of a young man who was going to New-Zealand. The ship was quite ready to sail, and he was just going on board, when some one asked him if he knew where New-Zealand was; he said, he believed it was somewhere near the Cape of Good Hope. It was very well that he had not to find his way there by himself. Sunday-school children should ask their teachers to show them where the places are on the map; and if there are any little boys or girls who are too young to find them out by themselves, I am sure their mammas or elder sisters will be very glad to do it for them,

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE WESLEYAN MISSION TO JAMAICA.

BY THE REV. PETER DUNCAN, FORMERLY MISSIONARY  
IN JAMAICA.

Few Missions undertaken by the Christian church in modern times have been more successful than the Wesleyan Mission to Jamaica. According to the last Report of the Society, the number of communicants under the pastoral care of the Missionaries amounted to nearly twenty-six thousand. Flourishing schools are also in extensive operation, and the number of individuals attending public worship is estimated at between forty and fifty thousand souls.

It has often been a matter of regret, that the early history of institutions which in the course of years have been widely extended, has been in a great measure unknown. It is otherwise with the origin of the Wesleyan Mission to Jamaica; and although little on that early period of its history has as yet appeared from the press, yet every important step can be distinctly traced to its very commencement.

Next to the venerated founder of Methodism, the late Rev. Thomas Coke, L.L.D., may be regarded as the founder of its extensive Missions. He first arrived at Jamaica in 1789, at a period in which slavery and the slave-trade existed in all their horrors, and in which there was little either of the form or the power of godliness to be seen throughout the whole island. At that period, the entire population was upwards of 400,000, and more than three-fourths were in a state of slavery, and had none to care for their souls. The white inhabitants, who from year to year quitted the mother country, soon forgot their early training and habits, and became very wicked; and from one end of the island to the other, it may truly be said, that "darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people."

At that period the island was divided into twenty parishes; but, with the exception of the town of Kingston, they were

in general nearly as large as the middling class of British countries. In one of the largest, there was no church whatever; and when portions of the liturgy of the church of England were on some Sabbaths read by the Rector, it was in an apartment of a tavern, at the time when the revelry in other parts of the house rendered such ministrations almost inaudible to the two or three who chose to attend them. In the others, the churches in general were small, and in some instances situated even more than thirty or forty miles from the more remote parts of the parishes. It was seldom they were all supplied with Clergymen, and those they had were all connected with the church of England. Excepting in two or three of the larger towns, the churches even on the Sabbath were but rarely opened for divine service; and when they were, scarcely any attended. The only other regular Ministers who had been settled on the island, were a few Moravian Missionaries, who acted as chaplains on a few estates. Some negroes who had been members of the Baptist denomination in America, had arrived at the close of the revolutionary war; but in so short a time, it was but little they could effect. Thus, when Dr. Coke arrived in Kingston, the gross darkness was unbroken. That Sabbath had never dawned in Jamaica that witnessed four hundred individuals in all the places of worship put together, out of a population consisting of between *four and five hundred thousand* souls! Since then, it may be said, "What hath God wrought!"

On the arrival of Dr. Coke in the city of Kingston, he hired a large public room in which to preach the everlasting Gospel to the benighted negroes, and those who might be willing to hear. A proceeding so extraordinary very soon attracted general notice, and not a few attended his ministry. But he had scarcely commenced his labours when persecution began to rage. On one evening, a crowd of white men entered the room, for the purpose of disturbing and breaking up the congregation, and abusing the Preacher. By those acquainted with the state of the island at that time, no doubt will be entertained but that the life

of that eminent man was, to human appearance, in the greatest danger. But amidst the yelling of the rioters, and the tumult in the congregation, he was calm and unmoved, and God preserved him from the rage of violent men. A gentleman stood by his side, and acknowledged him as his friend; but it was chiefly through the courage of a white lady (Mrs. Mary A. A. Smith) that the rioters were subdued. Seeing their object, she gently expostulated with them, and entreated them to desist; but finding this was to no purpose, and that she only endangered herself, she stepped between them and the Preacher, and, pulling out her scissors, she exclaimed, "You may now come forward; but the first man who lays a violent hand upon him, I shall thrust these scissors into his heart!" This argument proved effectual. The rioters were alarmed; and leaving the room, they ran down stairs, actually boasting of their *great bravery*, while Dr. Coke took another text and quietly finished the service.

The door of usefulness being opened, Dr. Coke hastened to England, and lost no time in forwarding a suitable Missionary for Jamaica. The person sent was the Rev. W. Hammett, who was a man well qualified for this field of labour. He arrived in August the same year, and immediately rented a house for his own residence, and also for preaching the Gospel. A small society consisting of eight persons was formed, which was the beginning of the large and flourishing Wesleyan church of Jamaica. Of these eight, Mrs. Smith, already mentioned, was one. The last time the writer saw her, was in a large company of Christian friends in the commencement of 1822. She was then far advanced in years, and so feeble as to be unable to walk beyond a few steps without assistance. On its being said that the number of members in connexion with the Mission had amounted to about eight thousand, she raised her hands, and, looking upwards, with her eyes filled with tears, she said, "I was once one of eight, and God has spared me to see the little one become a thousand!" In the course of that year she was removed to a better world; but her m-

is still blessed, and to future generations she will be honoured as "a mother in Israel."

The outrage in Kingston turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel, and tidings were thereby carried to distant parts of the island, that Ministers had arrived to preach to the people of colour and the negroes. The news were speedily carried to Manchioneal bay, about fifty or sixty miles from Kingston, where a considerable number of free black and coloured people resided. Amongst the first to receive the news was a free woman of colour, whose name was Bennett, afterwards Mrs. Wilkinson. All that she learned was, that the people were wrong, that they ought to pray, and that, instead of living as they were doing, they ought to get lawfully married. Of the duty of prayer, however, she was entirely ignorant; but to discharge it as well as she could, she invited her neighbours to go out with her in the moonlight evenings, when she carried with her a pitcher of water, and, as she poured it on the ground, they exclaimed, "Bless the moon! That will cool the moon's heart." Such was the state of Jamaica after it had been upwards of a century under the British government. She was still more perplexed about the solemnizing of marriage. She knew that a "Parson" was required to perform the ceremony; but alas! no messenger of mercy had ever visited the extensive district of Manchioneal. In this emergency, she actually united several couples herself, which were amongst the first negro marriages in Jamaica. By this proceeding she soon raised the indignation of the whites, and was forced to flee for her life from her native district. She went to Kingston, where she was brought under the ministry of Mr. Hammett, and instructed in the way of salvation. She was admitted into the infant church, and continued to adorn her Christian profession until very recently, when she entered into her Master's joy, having lived about ninety years.

Meanwhile the labours of Mr. Hammett, in Kingston, were crowned with great success. The place in which the congregation assembled soon proved too small for those

who desired to hear the words of eternal life ; and a house on one side of a large square, in the centre of the city, having been offered for sale, it was resolved to purchase it, and to enlarge it for a chapel. This was a great undertaking ; but meeting with the entire approval of Dr. Coke, who paid a second visit to the island, he advanced a large sum from his own private fortune. The work was soon finished, and the building was fitted up for the accommodation of about 1400 hearers. It was opened for divine service about the beginning of 1791.

The Mission being thus brought out of obscurity by a large chapel in by far the best part of the city, the adversaries were dreadfully mortified, and a determined hostility to the labours of the Missionary was the consequence. The congregation were disturbed by the outrageous behaviour of the whites, until it became quite necessary to suspend all evening services. Yet in the midst of all opposition the congregations increased both in grace and number, and the word of the Lord was glorified in the salvation of many souls.

*(To be continued.)*



## A MISSION TO CHINA.

THE Wesleyan Missionary Society has never yet been able to send Missionaries to China ; for by the time they had supplied all their Stations with what was wanted, their money was all gone.

Now, however, as they have got more money this year than they ever had before, they mean to begin a Mission to China ; and how much is it wanted ! for one-third of the people in the whole world live in China. The Chinese are sober and industrious, and most of the men can read ; this makes us hope, that when the Missionaries go amongst them, great numbers will be converted to Christianity, for they are very fond of getting tracts to read. When Dr. Gutzlaff, the Missionary, was voyaging alone

the coast for the purpose of distributing tracts, the people were so anxious to get them, and crowded on him so much, that he was sometimes obliged to push off his boat from the shore to get out of their way. The Chinese are all Heathens, they know not the true God; all they care about is getting money; and they are so anxious for gain, that they will lie to and cheat any one they deal with, if they think they can get something by it. Even the little children, as soon as they can lisp, begin to sell something, such as a few cakes, or a little sugar-cane.

It would take a large book to tell you all about the wickedness of the Chinese. There is one cruel thing they do which even very little children can understand: when they have a daughter born, if they do not like the trouble of nursing her, they kill her; sometimes they throw their little babies into the street, and then drive a herd of pigs over them to trample them to death; in some provinces half the babies are killed. Now, it is to this country, swarming with human beings, that our Missionaries are to be sent. I do not know how many will go; but, let us send as many as we can, they will be but like a drop in the ocean, compared with the number of people they go among. I hope from time to time to tell you more about the Chinese Mission, and I am sure you will be interested in it; and will pray, that when the Missionaries get there, they may do a great deal of good.



### THE RESULT.

WHAT if, mistrustful of its latent worth,  
 We hide our single talent in the earth!  
 And what if self is pamper'd, *not* denied!  
 What if the flesh is never crucified!  
 What if the world be hidden in the heart!—  
 Will it be, "Come, ye blessed!"—or, "Depart?"  
*Jane Taylor.*



### RECLINING ON THE GOSPEL.

WHEN you read, in page 51, the speech of Patuone, the New-Zealander, did you not think it was very beautiful? He says, "When I heard the Gospel, I thought to myself, I will recline upon it." And this is what we should all do; we are sinners, weak, helpless, and not able to do anything for ourselves: then let us recline upon the Gospel; it will be our support in affliction, it will strengthen us to subdue sin, and bear us up amidst all the trials of life. We are sometimes very tired of hearing of the wickedness there is in the world, and it seems of no use to try to teach people to be good; let us recline on the Gospel. Christ came to save sinners; let us believe in Christ: he is our Saviour, and he will be the Saviour of all who look to him for mercy: and when we have found rest in him ourselves, let us point him out to others, that they may recline on his promises, and after serving him on earth may enjoy an eternal rest in heaven.



### MISSIONARY MEETING AT TONGA.

ON the 17th of September, a Branch Missionary Meeting was formed at Hihifo: it was well attended; I think not less than from two to three thousand persons were present. King George was in the chair. Queen Charlotte and her son, Prince George, were among those who occupied the body of the chapel. Our speakers, with the exception of your two Missionaries, were native Chiefs and Local Preachers. Many hearts flamed with love to God and love to man; and if the present scene is contrasted with what Hihifo was twenty years ago, there will be cause to exclaim, as we have often done, "What hath God wrought!" I think the doings of September 17th will show that the Lord is faithful to his promises, and that they that sow in tears shall reap in joy. In and about Hihifo we have more than six hundred members in society; twenty year-



all were Heathen, now all are Christians, by profession at least, and many are truly so; and in all the villages round the Gospel is preached, societies raised, and schools are in operation. We have more than seventeen hundred members in the Tonga District, and the good work is spreading. To God be all the praise! We are expecting to hold our Missionary Meeting for this place (Nukualofo) on the 14th inst.: King George will preach one of the sermons next Sunday; but as our people are so poor, and so few vessels call in to purchase native produce from them, I fear we shall not get much money; so that we shall have to look to the friends in England where the gold and silver is for the means of going after these lost sheep in the wilderness. Also, we beg you to pray for us.

*Rev. John Thomas, Missionary at Tonga, Oct. 5th, 1846.*

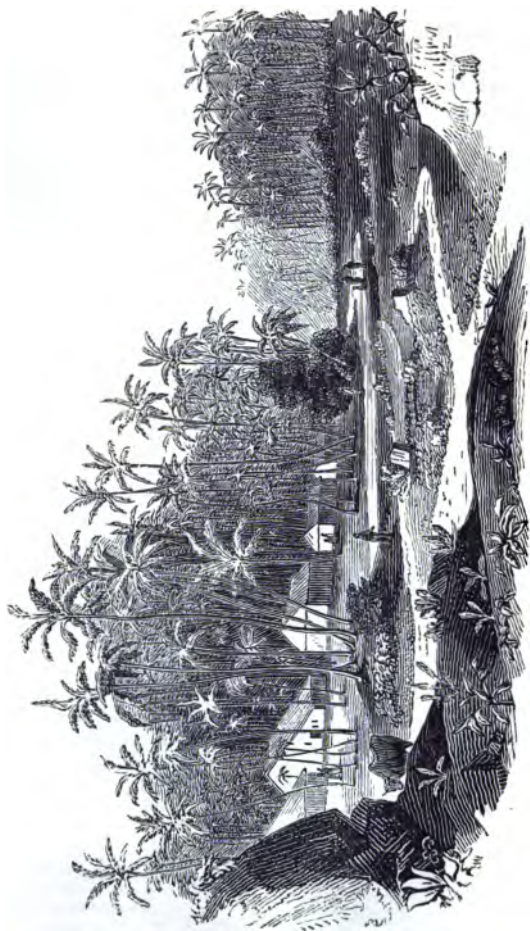
### DESIRE FOR MISSIONARIES.

MR. MARTIN, the Missionary at Badagry, Western Africa, was walking one evening with an African, whom he believes to be a sincere disciple of the Saviour, and, pointing to an idol-temple, he asked him what it was. His answer proved that idolatry had lost its hold on *his* mind. "It is a *lie-house*," he said, and shook his head in detestation. Several times he has begged Mr. Martin to go to his country, (Yaruba,) to tell the people of the true God; and when at any time he held out a hope to him that the good people in England will one day send Missionaries to his land, he has clasped him in his arms, declaring he will go with him to tell his family of the Saviour.

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**VIEW NEAR POINT-DE-CALLE, CEYLON.**

THE  
**WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.**

AUGUST, 1847.

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**VIEW NEAR POINT-DE-GALLE, IN THE ISLAND  
OF CEYLON.**

THIS is a rich tropical scene. About one thousand children are under instruction in the schools in Galle and the neighbourhood. Many of them are girls. Both parents and children are most of them Heathens, worshippers of Budhu, and of the devil. We should pray for them, that God would be pleased to convert them from the error of their ways. Paulus, a devoted native Christian, greatly helps the Missionary. He has written down in a little book more than a hundred questions which he asks the people in order to enlighten them. Many have been awakened, and have begun to read Christian books. Let us not forget the Missionary, and his assistants, and the school children at Point-de-Galle.

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**A CONTRAST.**

MR. WOON, who is now a Missionary in New-Zealand, has sent the following account to be put in the "Juvenile Offering." You will be pleased with what he says about the industry and intelligence of the New-Zealanders; and when you read of the little naked children who say their Catechism so well, I dare say you will consider whether you cannot contrive to send them some clothes.

In the course of my travels through this large Circuit, I spent a Sabbath-day at Ohangai, a remarkable fe-

tion on a hill, built by the natives of the Ngatiruanui tribe in the time of their wars. This fortification must have cost them immense pains and labour, as, at the time it was made, they had only native tools, hatchets made of flints, and wooden spades. It proves the truth of inspiration, that "their feet have been swift to shed blood;" and shows the exercise of every ingenuity to effect their diabolical purposes in enslaving one another.

This *pa*, a term for "castle or fortification," is in the form of a circle, raised by large layers of earth, carried in baskets, mound after mound, from ten to fifteen feet deep, over nearly an acre of ground, which has a singular appearance, and on the top they could witness their enemies below, who, on getting into the trenches, were speared to death, and then cooked and eaten to satisfy their revenge.

While one of the natives was relating what had taken place formerly, he was overheard by his friends, who begged him not to relate such accounts, as they were now ashamed of hearing of them. This place, however, was taken some years ago by the Waikato tribes; many were killed and devoured, and others carried off as prisoners and made slaves. How changed is this place from what many remembered it! for on the Sabbath alluded to, there were about four hundred people met together, from different places in the neighbourhood, to worship God. In the early part of the morning of the Lord's day a motley group of all classes, from the youth to the hoary head, were assembled under a beautiful grove of *karaka* trees, (much like our English laurel,) at their school exercises; and it was one of the most delightful scenes I have witnessed in the land. A youth about sixteen years of age sat in the centre with our Conference Catechisms translated in his hand,\* and all, old and young, of both sexes, answered every question, with the Scripture references, from the third to the sixty-eighth page, without making

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\* The Catechisms have been translated into the New-Zealand language by Mr. Hobbs, the oldest Missionary in New-Zealand.

any mistake ; and among these were several children quite naked, who were as expert in answering as others more advanced in years.

One of the principals in leading the girls to repeat on this occasion was Ann Turner, who had been brought up under Mr. Wallis's instruction at Waingarua, a very interesting young woman, and who is one of our most useful Class-Leaders. In meeting the classes in the afternoon she related her experience, and stated that when she came among her own people from the above place, she desired to be useful in telling them what she knew of the best of things, and that her prayer was that she might cleave to the Saviour as the oyster to the rock, as long as she lives. On the Sabbath I preached twice from portions of Philip-  
pians iii., to which all listened with deep attention ; and I retired at night weary and happy, praising God for the glorious change effected among this people, and the next day left for home with their hearty salutations.

*Rev. William Woon.*

*Waimate, Taranaki South, New-Zealand.*

## THE ROCK OF SAFETY.

FROM THE MISSIONARY REPOSITORY.

"That Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. x. 4.

THERE was a mighty tempest on the sea ; for God had "commanded and raised the stormy wind, and it lifted up the waves thereof." The dark waters rolled angrily, and broke in white foam along the shore, or dashed against the rocky cliffs with a noise like thunder. A noble vessel was struggling with the tempest, now rising to the crest of the heaving wave, now seeming almost lost in its mighty depths. Fearfully did the sailors look around ; for they were not far from the rocks, and were in danger of

moment of being dashed upon them. Amongst the passengers, one lady in particular was full of terror; she thought death was near, and she knew what the Bible says, "After death, the judgment;" but she did not know Christ, his willingness to save, or his fitness to be "the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea." O! how did she envy the calmness of her poor negro servant Ellen, who looked with pity on her terrified mistress, and tried to soothe her with such words as these: "Never mind, missee; look to Jesus; he gave—he rule the sea;—be prepared to die!" But O! it does not do to put off that preparation to an hour of danger like this; we must "remember our Creator," while yet "the evil days come not."

Nearer and nearer did the vessel drive towards those fearful rocks. The lady trembled. Ellen spoke to her again: "Don't be fear, missee; look to Jesu Christ. *He* de Rock; no shipwreck on *dat* Rock. He save to de utmost."

But now in the moment of danger and distress, God remembered mercy,—the vessel was saved, and those on board her, like the mariners of old, whose story is in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts, "all escaped safe to land."

We hope they *were* inclined to "praise the Lord for His goodness," for the next Sabbath they requested the Minister whom they heard at Plymouth to "thank Almighty God for their merciful escape."

The next day the Minister went on board the vessel, and there he heard from the lady of her terrors, and of Ellen's calmness in the hour of danger. The lady said she was resolved to seek that religion which alone had been Ellen's support; we hope she fulfilled her vow.

And now the Minister turned to the poor negress. "Well, Ellen," he said, "I am glad to find you know something of Jesus Christ."

"Jesus Christ, massa! O! he be very good to my soul. He be very dear to me!"

"How long is it, Ellen," said the Minister, "since you knew the Saviour who is so precious to you?"

"Why, massa, some time ago, me hear de Missionary preach about de blessed Jesu. He say to we poor black people, 'Jesu come down from de good world: he pity we poor sinners. *We* die, or *he* die: he die dat we no die. He suffer on de cross; he spill precious blood for we poor sinners.' Me feel *mé* sinner, me cry, me pray to Jesu; and he save me by precious blood. O! Jesu very good; he save me!"

"And when did you see the Missionary last, Ellen?"

"Missionary, Sir! de fever take him; he lie in bed; he call we black peoples his children; he say, 'Come round de bed, my children.' He den say, 'My children, I go to God; meet me before my God;' and den he fall asleep."

"O then, the Missionary is dead, is he?"

"Dead, Sir! O no! Missionary no die; he fell asleep, and he sleep till de trumpet of de archangel wake him, and den he go to God. Yes, when dat sound, he go up to God! Missionary no die; he fall asleep!"

Such was the simple faith of this poor negress. Christ was her Rock in the storm, and she trusted in Him;—Christ was her hope in death, and its sting was gone;—it was but sleep to her,—a quiet sleep, from which she knew that the believer should awake to a bright and joyful morning. Are *we* resting on that Rock? Are *we* so living that at death we shall "sleep in Jesus?"

And all this was the result of God's blessing on Missionary labours. O! what encouragement to help in the good cause! for here are blessings coming back again from Africa to England, spreading "from sea to sea," till the whole earth shall be full of the glory of the Lord. O! who is a God like unto our God, "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working?" Who would not serve Him?

E. M. I.



## THE NEGRO BOY.

AN African Prince who once visited England was asked what he had given for his watch ; he answered, "What I will never give again,—a fine boy."

WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,  
And selfish views alone bear away,  
Man turns a savage to his kind,  
And blood and rapine marks his way.  
Alas ! for this poor, simple toy,  
I sold a happy negro boy.  
His father's hope, his mother's pride,  
Though black, yet comely to their view ;  
I tore him helpless from their side,  
And gave him to a ruffian crew ;  
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,  
I sold the trembling negro boy.  
From country, friends, and parents torn,  
His tender limbs in chains confined,  
I saw him o'er the billows borne,  
And marked his agony of mind ;  
But still to gain this simple toy,  
I gave the weeping Negro boy.  
Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,  
He wears away his youthful prime,  
Far distant from his native land,  
A stranger in a foreign clime.  
Sad thoughts his days and nights employ,  
A poor, dejected Negro boy.  
His wretched parents long shall mourn,  
Shall long explore the distant main,  
Eager to see the youth's return :  
But all their hopes and sighs are vain ;  
They never shall the sight enjoy  
Of their lamented Negro boy.

*Samwell.*



AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE  
WESLEYAN MISSION TO JAMAICA.BY THE REV. PETER DUNCAN, FORMERLY MISSIONARY IN  
JAMAICA.*(Concluded from page 81.)*

ABOUT the year 1800, more Missionaries having been sent out, they visited Morant Bay, the principal village in the large parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East. Their success was encouraging, and a small society was speedily formed. As usual, they were not allowed to worship God in peace: the whites showed the most determined hostility, and seemed resolved to prevent the introduction of the Gospel into that populous district. The Governor made a law to prevent the Missionaries teaching the slaves; but when the law was sent to England for George III. to sign, he refused to do it, and declared that his subjects should be protected in the worship of their God.

During the period in which the law was in force, the sufferings both of the Missionaries and their people were very great. Mr. Williams, a respectable gentleman of colour, belonging to Morant Bay, was imprisoned, and shortly afterwards the Rev. D. Campbell, one of the Missionaries. These were the first who suffered bonds and imprisonment in Jamaica for the Gospel of Christ.

After the disallowing of the persecuting law there was a temporary calm, during which there was a chapel erected at Morant Bay; but the enemies of the Mission, more enraged than ever, were busily engaged in planning another scheme to effect their purpose. A new slave-law was made, containing several improvements, and expressing great zeal for the religious instruction of the slaves. The instruction was, however, to be given *by the owners and overseers*, or by clergymen of the established church; all others being prohibited. This new law also received the sanction of the Governor; but on reaching England the artifice was easily seen through, and it shared the

fate of its predecessor. As there was now no hope of succeeding by the Magistrates' laws, they were determined to proceed without any statute whatever; and in the year 1807, both the chapels were shut up, and, with the exception of one or two short intermissions at Morant-Bay, were closed against the worshippers of God during the long period of seven years.

At the commencement of that dreary period the numbers on the different Stations amounted to about 1300, of whom 800 were connected with Kingston. The people of God now sighed for a return of their former Sabbaths, and their adversaries triumphed. But God did not forsake his church, and the more his people were afflicted the more they multiplied and grew. The few Missionaries who remained watched over their distressed flock, and prayed for brighter days. Attempts were often made to re-open the chapels, which were of no use. But when the last ray of hope was about to expire, the Rev. Mr. Shipman succeeded in obtaining permission to re-open the chapel in Kingston. On the joyful Sabbath which again saw the congregation in the house of prayer, the chapel gates were opened by the venerable Mrs. Smith, with earnest prayer that God might be pleased never again to allow them to be closed by the hand of oppression against his worshippers. Her prayers have been answered; for, notwithstanding the severe troubles of succeeding years, the religious services in Kingston have never been given up during the rage of persecution up to the present time.

During the gloomy period between the years 1807 and 1815, by the blessing of God upon the more private efforts of his servants, their success was very great. This was particularly the case in Kingston. The chapel was indeed closed; but meetings for prayer and exhortation were held in almost every street and lane of the city, which the enemies were unable to prevent. No fewer than one thousand members were added to the church. It was the doing of the Lord, and is marvellous in our eyes.

It is not intended further to trace the progress of this

most important Mission, which, from the year 1815, took a wider range than ever. From that period also Missionaries of other societies entered upon the field, whose labours God hath crowned with his especial blessing. Since that time, indeed, there have been many dark days of severe persecution and distress, and not a few of the servants of God have had to suffer bonds and imprisonment for no offence, but that of preaching the Gospel. However, a brighter day has dawned on Jamaica. Many who were once enemies are turned to friends. With the abolition of slavery the reign of persecution ended; and now in Jamaica, as well as in Great Britain, the people of God can sit under their own vine and fig-tree, protected by law in their religious privileges, none daring to disturb or make them afraid.



### THE PERUSAL OF THE MISSIONARY NOTICES LEADING TO LIBERALITY AND PRAYER.

In an interesting account of an excellent man, recently given in the Magazine by the Rev. J. Walsh, he says, "Mr. J. Whitehead took a deep interest in the Wesleyan Missions: monthly he purchased the Notices, and read them with tears and many prayers; and always contributed, likewise, according to his means. About a year before he died, he called on the Superintendent of the Circuit, and, after a flood of tears, said, 'I and my wife sat up most of the night reading the Missionary Notices, and we are distressed to find that the Committee cannot do all the good they wish, for want of funds. The Missionaries in the West Indies are dying with excessive labour, and the people are left as sheep without a shepherd. What can be done? My wife and I have resolved to give half a sovereign extra.' Laying down the money, he begged it might be sent to the Committee, saying, 'The Missionaries must not die.' This was at a time when they were subsisting on an annuity of ten shillings per week. Thus, 'in a great trial of affliction—

the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded to the riches of their liberality.'"

This is the right kind of giving : some give, they hardly know why, to this and the other charity. A few perhaps give because a friend asks them ; others when a Missionary Collector calls, or when they hear an affecting speech at a Meeting. But this is the more excellent way, to read and acquaint ourselves with the real facts of the case ; and in reference to the Wesleyan Missions, to peruse the Notices and Juvenile Offering with care. We are quite sure this would improve the character of our liberality, and we are nearly as confident it would increase the amount of our givings.

And many, probably, who give their money in aid of Christian Missions, seldom or ever pray for their prosperity. This should not be omitted ; and the perusal of those interesting accounts sent by Missionaries, from time to time, would dispose to prayer, and assist in the important duty of intercession for the Heathen. We would, therefore, hope our young people will consider the above, and we earnestly recommend early attention to reading, benevolence, and prayer.

*Rev. Jonathan Cadman.*

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### GAMBLING FOR PRAYERS.

THE Roman Catholics are trying very diligently to convert Protestants to Popery, and many persons are afraid that before long they will greatly increase their numbers ; for they leave no arts untried to gain people to their way of thinking. They may, perhaps, make converts of those who know nothing of religion, and who have never read the Bible ; but I do not think any of our Methodist children will be drawn away : you who have been so carefully taught God's holy word cannot believe their false doctrine. Some of their practices, too, are so foolish, as well as sinful, that we could scarcely believe the accounts of them, if they were not written by people who we are sure tell the truth.

You all know what prayer is: you have heard your parents and Preachers pray, and I hope you often pray yourselves, and you feel what a holy and blessed thing it is to draw near to God in prayer.

I will tell you an anecdote of the Roman-Catholic Canadians, which will show you how they pray. These Canadians are very fond of playing at cards. During Lent the Priests will not allow them to play for money; but as they must have something for a stake, what do you think they do? Why, instead of money, they play for prayers! The person who loses, is to repeat a certain number of prayers, and *the merit of their prayers is to go to the man who wins the game*: nay, further, the loser is not obliged to do this drudgery himself; there are old women to be found, who, for a shilling a dozen, will repeat the prayers for him, and relieve him of his task!

Is not this worse than Heathen superstition? And these men are called Christians. O, how great is the guilt of the Priests who lead them astray! Do you think, my dear young friends, there is any danger of your being deceived by them? I think not; but, that you may be guarded against their attacks, read the Scriptures diligently, pray to God earnestly to enlighten you by his Holy Spirit, that you may see and feel the truths contained in them; and then, clad in the whole armour of God, you will be able to withstand all the arts that may be used to deceive you.



### LOOK ON THAT PICTURE, AND ON THIS.

STANDING on a Missionary platform in Marboro' chapel, Boston, United States, in the summer of 1841, I was much impressed with the following circumstance: Mr. Pritchard, on his way from the Society Islands, stood on one side of the platform, holding up a hideous wooden idol, five feet high, which he had brought from Gambier's Island. The veteran Missionary, Mr. Bingham, at home on a visit from the Sandwich Islands, stood on the other side, holding a copy of the Holy Scriptures in Sandwiches, print

bound on the island where he had laboured. Mr. Bingham, with a look not to be forgotten, pointing to the ugly block of wood, said, impressively, "*That is what your Missionaries find on those Islands,*" and then holding forth the Bible, added, "*This is what they leave there.*"

What a volume of ideas crowded upon the mind at once ! A view from the one side was opened into the dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty ; looking on the other, we saw the entrance of His word, giving light.

Hasten, Christians, old and young, who have the Bible and the messengers of Christ to send them forth, that by the sword of the Spirit the idols may be utterly abolished, and the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth.

*Rev. George Scott.*

### EARLY LOVE TO MISSIONS.

THERE was a lovely little girl, whose heart had been brought under the power of grace, who wept very much because the family Missionary-box, into which others had put their offerings, was not presented to her. Kind friends had given her some valuable trinkets, all of which she was permitted to sell, and give the money to the more highly-prized Missionary-box. Then her heavenly Father, who loved her more than even her mother could, sent his messenger death, and bade her come to his mansion in heaven, where she now is as an angel of God. Go, dear children, and think less of your trinkets and pleasures, and more about the perishing Heathen for whom Jesus died. Money thus spent, from love to God and man, will be repaid by the Lord in that which money cannot purchase. See Prov. xxii. 6 ; Eccles. xii. 1 ; Rom. x. 12—15.

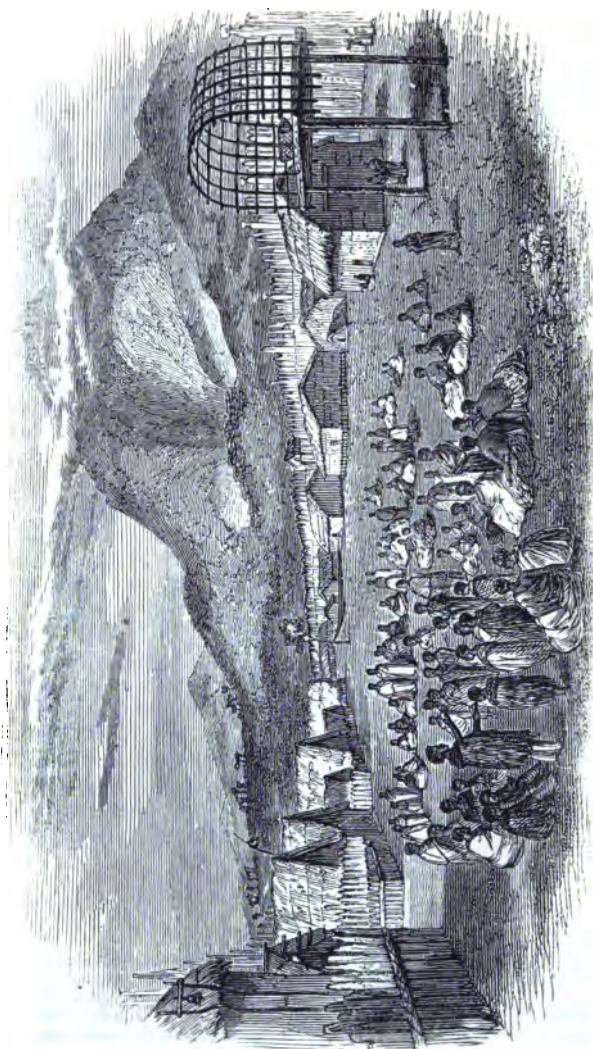
*Rev. Richard Tabraham.*

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NATHANIEL ADDRESSING THE NEW-ZEALAND CHILDREN.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

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A NEW-ZEALANDER'S SERMON  
TO THE YOUNG.

NATHANIEL is a New-Zealander. He was once a Heathen, but is now a pious Christian, a Local Preacher, and Class-Leader. He has the charge of the native Christians in the village where he lives, which is called Marokopa. The Missionary, Mr. Whiteley, lives at some distance, and only visits these Christians occasionally; the last time Mr. Whiteley went to Marokopa he asked Nathaniel how his people had been getting on since he was there. Nathaniel put into his hands a paper, on which he had written an account of several addresses he had given, and conversations he had with the natives. His ink and pen were made by himself; the former from the bark of the hinau-tree, and the latter from the wing of a sea-fowl; his ink-stand was a muscle-shell, and his paper one of the writing-books from the School-Society.

Mr. Whiteley has sent a translation of this account.

Nathaniel begins with saying, "Many have been our conversations in years gone by; but the talk of this year I now propose to write in a book."

I am not going to give you all that he has written. His first conversation was with the men and women; after that he held a meeting with the young; and it is the address at this meeting that I wish you to read. He says :—

The second conversation was on the 13th of September, 1846. I collected together all the wicked youth of the village,—those that give themselves to play and to songs,

and to disobedience, and to hard-heartedness, and to pride, and to other of the kings of the bottomless pit, and to death, and to the quenchless fire of hell; and I spoke thus to them:—

Children, it is right that you should thus all assemble here, that I may speak to you about all the words of God, that you may live and hold fast his doctrines; because I am appointed a father to you, and because I remember the word of Paul to Timothy, (1 Tim. iii. 4, 5,) “One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity. For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?” Therefore I wish you to listen all patiently to me; for my heart is alarmed because of the great wrath of God against this work, against sin. But the word is with Paul, let him reveal the thing to you. Paul says, (Col. iii. 5, 6,) “Mortify, therefore, your members which are upon the earth, fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry. For which things’ sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience.” Children, observe, what think you of this word that says, “Mortify your members upon the earth,” lest the wrath of God come upon you? This is my proof of regard for you. I warn you against the pains of hell that have no end. O, my relations, it is good that I should thus instruct and urge you to come back to the ways of life for your souls; and that your many sins may all be blotted out. James says, “Let him know that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.” (v. 20.) Well, children, do you dislike life? Are you in love with death? O, children, I am afraid of this death, of this everlasting, ever-burning fire of hell! There are the wicked sinners being tormented! If, indeed, children, it was only the body burning in the native fire that we see here, and by which native fire the body might be consumed, I should not be so much alarmed; but that is not the death,—that is only a very short pain, and all is over. I am not afraid of that death, for it is only

the shadow of death; it is not that great and long, that endless, destruction which is the very body (essence) of death. That of which my heart is afraid is the death of hell,—those ceaseless wailings with pain for ever, and ever, and ever! the pain will never end. The Catechism says, "Their bodies will be tormented by fire, and their souls by a sense of the wrath of God." How long will these torments last? For ever and ever! Now, children, is this death indeed good to you (in your estimation)? Try, now, can you count the years? (that is, the years that the torments of hell will continue!) O, children, it is this which makes me persevere in talking to you. It is good instruction this, that you may be saved from the stratagems of Satan, the prince of hell. Paul says, in 2 Tim. ii. 24—26, "And the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient. In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will."

Children, delay not to believe in God. He is still waiting for us to return to him. He is calling to us in Matthew ii. 28, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." O my relations and friends, listen to this word, a word of grace from Christ! But he has many gracious words to the wicked people. He said to the Pharisees, in Matthew ix. 13, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And, friends, it is not possible for me to speak of the love, that is, of the greatness of the love, of God to us. Peter saith, (2 Peter iii. 9.) "The Lord is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." O, friends, be persuaded by the greatness of God's love to us. If you persist in sin, he will not be favourable to us. But I wish also to hear your thoughts, you also must speak and let us hear your words.

"Charlotte, what do you think about the things of

God?" She answered, "I remember the greatness of my sins against God. I have received no evil from him; but mine has been the wickedness against God." I replied, "O woman, what think you of the greatness of your sins? Are you not afraid of the wrath of God? Come, come, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; you must believe."

I then spoke to Hapa and to Stephen, and then to Koneke, and they also spoke. The latter said, "This is my thought. I am for sin,—sin constantly for ever, and ever, and ever!" I replied, "Boy, my heart is dark because of your word. It is not a word for me," (or against me,) "but against God; God will be your enemy to fight against you."

I then addressed them all, and said, "Friends, this is my reason why I speak to you, because Christ hath redeemed us with his own blood, therefore it is that I exhort you. It is good that we should thus talk together in this world, that we remain not in ignorance and error and all manner of wickedness; lest we go in ignorance, and before the face of God say, 'Lord, Lord, open to us. Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?' Friends, what will these vain and presumptuous words avail us? What will God say to us? Will he say, 'Come up hither?' Ah, no; come, see the word in Matt. vii. 23: 'And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.' God will thus address himself to us, if we continue in sin." I then inquired of some others, of Hape, and then Pairarua, and then M'Lean, whose words were good; he fears the Lord. I then spoke to Shaka; but I will not write his words, they were so bad, much worse than was the talk of his companion in slavery, Koneke. In conclusion, I said, "Friends, great is the darkness of my heart on your account. Friends, come, let us all look at John's Revelation, vi. 14—17: 'And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together, and every mountain and island were removed out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the

chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond-man and every free-man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand.' Friends, whose circumstances doth this represent? Those of the great men, who harden themselves against God, and of all who are presumptuous and disobedient, bond or free. And will the mountains hear them and save them? Come, come, friends and children, what think you of this the great wrath of God?"

I finished, and said to the other elders, "Brethren, let us who are elders, all talk to our wicked and disobedient children according to the word of Paul, which may be fulfilled, in 1 Cor. xiv. 24: 'But if all prophecy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all.'" Then Broughton spoke, and Stephanus, and Jabez, and other good men. But our conversational meeting was not quite straight, in consequence of the words of this wicked lad Shaka. He is a presumptuous slave of the devil. I proposed that he should be corrected, that he may cease his hardness of heart and his disobedience. For Solomon saith, "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Many other passages were quoted from the book which I have not written. From NATHANIEL.

### A THOUGHT FOR MISSIONARY COLLECTORS.

EVERY one should do what he can.

More than this is not required; and less than this will not be accepted.

*Edmonson.*

### RULE, BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA rules with high command  
 The empire of the azure main,  
 And long has echo'd through the land  
 The loved, the spirit-stirring strain—  
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!  
 Britons never will be slaves!

But was the ocean-sceptre given  
 To raise our songs, and swell our pride?  
 O, not for this the God of heaven  
 Made Britain mistress of the tide!  
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!  
 Break the chains from Satan's slaves!

Then, faithful to her mighty charge,  
 Obedient to her ruling Lord;  
 Her loftiest ships, her humblest barge,  
 Should bear abroad his sacred word.  
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!  
 Peace and freedom send to slaves.

Her ships are strong, her sons are bold,  
 And, "hearts of oak," they brave the sea,  
 Wide be the glorious message told,  
 That Jesus sets his people free.  
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!  
 Sound Christ's triumph for poor slaves.

*M. A. Stodart.*

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### INTERESTING LETTERS FROM THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

*Torpoint, Devon, June 18th, 1847.*

DEAR SIR,—My principal object in writing, at present, is to send you a few extracts from the letters of two of our Native Teachers at Vavan, for insertion in the "Juvenile Offering."

I have just received a packet of letters from the South Seas, and amongst them several from the Christian natives in the

Friendly Isles. The accompanying extracts I have translated as specimens of their letters, as well as of their attachment to their Missionaries, and of the simple but sound and scriptural expression of their religious experience. The names of the writers are John Fifita and Zaccheus Fifita,—the former one of the best and oldest Local Preachers at Vavau, and who has rendered valuable assistance to nearly all the Missionaries in acquiring the language, as one of their Native Teachers. The latter is a very promising young man, and one of the most pious and useful of the *very many* good Native Teachers in the Friendly Isles.

My health, I am thankful to say, is gradually improving; so that I hope, by the divine blessing, to be able to resume my work at the Conference.\*

GEORGE KEVERN.

*To the Rev. Elijah Hoole.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTER OF JOHN FIFITA.

MR. KEVERN,—I, John Fifita, write to thee, to show my love to thee, my father in the Lord Jesus. I praise the Lord my God for preserving thee, by which he rejoices my soul.

My father in the faith of the Lord Jesus, which was preached by thee, and by which my soul was saved, thou art not forgotten in my mind; and I speak not this to my father with flattering lips. Alas! Mr. and Mrs. Kevern, the servant and handmaid of the Lord Jesus Christ, I have love to you in the name of the Lord Jesus. You are not forgotten in my mind. I pray night and day that with these eyes I may again behold you in this world. You sailed from us, but I was comforted because of Mr. Wilson; but he is taken,—the Lord has taken his servant to rest; thereby I am pained; and so is the church in Tonga.

And now the work of the Lord has come to Vavau. Many sinners have turned to the Lord, and repented. The Lord has wrought for his people a great salvation, for he has poured down his Holy Spirit; and we know this to be the fruit of your labour, (that is, of the Missionaries,) in consequence of the death of the Lord Jesus. And our mind, and the mind of the church towards thee, Mr. Kevern, is this,—that thou wouldst return to us, if it

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\* Mr. Kevern was obliged to leave the Friendly Islands more than a year ago, and come to England, as he was very ill.—EDIT.



should be good, and attend to thy working-place (station); for the Lord made choice of thee as a Missionary to Tonga. For in these days your sermons, and your work which you did here in Tonga, have awoke in our minds; for the Lord has made useful year labours. The Lord has poured down his Holy Spirit on the church in Vavau, and Habai, and Tonga; but it is most remarkable in Vavau; and I praise God because of his Son Jesus, whom he gave to the world, that this sinful world might be saved through him, by whom my soul has escaped and is saved; for my soul was dead; but I know that it lives through the precious blood of Christ.

I have love to you, Mr. and Mrs. Kevern. Do not forget me in your prayers, but intercede for me with the Lord your God, that I might be saved, and stand fast in the work of the Lord.

I am thankful for thy letter, which I have received; it has supported my mind. The vessel ("Triton") arrived just at the time of our lovefeast; and I stood up in the presence of the congregation, and declared thy love to the church in Haafuluhao, and they simultaneously lifted up their voices in thanksgiving and loud weeping.

I inform thee that my wife has died, and thus I am poor; but I trust in the Lord, and he supports me.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTER OF ZACCHEUS FIFITA.

MR. KEVERN,—I write to thee, my spiritual father, whom I still love and remember by day and by night. I have love very, very great to thee and Mrs. Kevern; and my prayer and petition to God, in the name of his Son, is, that he would bless and preserve you, in order that you may return, that we may again meet; and also on account of the work in Tonga. Ever since the day you were separated from us, I have not by any means ceased to remember and love you. I remember how I frequently travelled with you to the various places inland, and to the different islands, to do the work of the Lord; and sometimes I go to the different places of worship, at the time of prayer, and I look up to the pulpit, and thou art not there, and my mind is sorely pierced quickly, at beholding that thou art not there.

This is my little talk concerning the work of the Lord in Haafuluhao: the Lord has revived and blessed his work, and the Lord has changed the hearts of the Chiefs, and the Elders, and people,

by his Holy Spirit; and the people have love to the Missionaries and the Teachers.

The means of grace and the schools are well attended by the people; and I assure thee, Mr. Kevern, this has proved the very best year to Vavau.

And now I earnestly desire that it may be the will of God you should return hither, that we may again meet in this world; and do you, without ceasing, pray for Tonga, that it may be blessed continually.

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### GIRLS' SCHOOL IN SINGAPORE.

THE following is an extract of a letter from Miss Grant, the lady who superintends the girls' school in Singapore.

Chunio and Hanio are the two girls of whose baptism you read in the Juvenile Offering for April, 1846.

Miss Grant says :—

In regard to my school, I would say I have great comfort: and I do firmly believe, by the remarks of my fellow-Missionaries, who from time to time visit me, that the Lord has given me a large measure of encouragement in my work. My two baptized girls continue all, yes, more than all, I could wish to see them. They continue to have daily to take up their cross, and have much trial to endure; and yet, as Chunio remarked to me the last Sabbath she was with me, "It seems to me the more I am abused and buffeted, and slandered for the sake of Jesus, the more I am settled in the faith." And on one occasion of her mother having promised her in marriage to a Heathen, before her two uncles she stood up, and told her mother that never would she marry any but a Christian; and, pointing to an old hundred-rooted banian tree on the sea-shore, she said, "Mother, do you see that old tree by the bridge? Is it not firm? Well, know that my heart is still more firm in its resolution never again in any way to connect myself with idolatry." As the eldest daughter must be married first, the second girl, Hanio, leads a much easier life than her sister; though to the eye of man being a much stronger and more resolute character.

seems much more fitted to endure hardness than her sister, a timid, tender, easily-crushed, sensitive creature; but the Lord knows his own gold, and when sufficiently purified, He, who loves Chunio better than I can do, will turn her mourning into joy.

Of the girls resident with me, one is, I trust, truly converted, and enters into the meaning of a Saviour's love with lively interest; the girl to whom I allude is A—, and before the year is closed on which we have now entered, I hope she will become a sharer in church privileges. A second girl, G—, was baptized in Penang in almost infancy; and though herself a less interesting character, yet I have seen rapid improvement in her, and a most decided love of morality and proper conduct, which has led her indeed to forsake her mother and home, and shelter herself with me. My now eldest and earnestly-longed-after pupil, J—, has often caused me much anxiety; there is strong conflict in her heart, and as she said to Chunio, on Sunday, "With my mind I believe, and in my heart I love, religion; but O! I dare not brook such treatment as you endure."

After a lesson in geography the other day, I overheard the remark of another girl, who, after attentively listening to an account I was reading of China, observed, "O! China is the nicest country in Asia: it has only one fault,—idolatry." Time and paper would fail me were I to attempt to give you more than this very imperfect sketch of my girls; but of the deep utility and eventual blessing that the school will prove, I have not a doubt, though I look to see the full harvest only in eternity; for it will be in my children's children, who will meet with no opposition from their enlightened and Christianity-loving mothers, that the more direct proof of the excellency of Christian training will be evident.

As to myself, I thrive on work,—the more I do the happier I am; and since I came out, I never remember having been laid aside for two days together. On the 24th of February, I shall have been four years absent from my happy home; but I never regret having taken the

step,—far otherwise; and at this moment, so strong is my own interest in my school, (for other interest I have none,) that, were you to recall me, I would not come.

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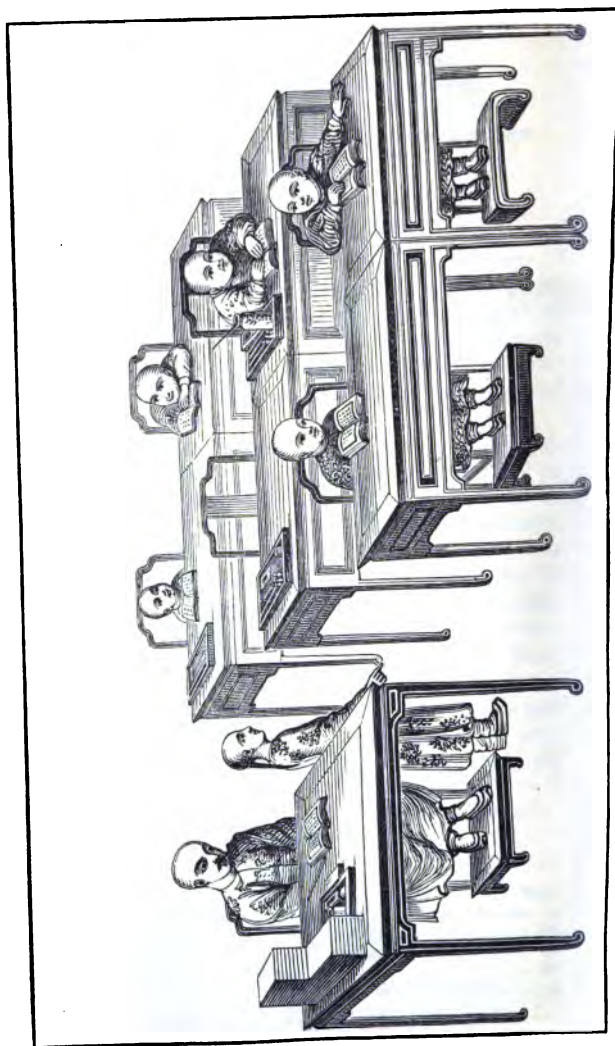
### AMELIA GALE;

OR, WHAT CAN I DO TO PROMOTE THE MISSIONARY  
WORK?

AMELIA GALE, at one time of her life, procured her living by attending fairs and wakes with a gaming-board: by a train of very gracious providences, she was made a partaker of true religion. Having had much forgiven her, she loved much; and when a Missionary Society was established in her parish, (Swineshead, near Boston, Lincolnshire,) she asked herself, "What can I do to promote this blessed work? Tea is my only beverage, and often my only meat. It is not whitened with milk, to be sure; but it is sweetened with sugar. I will try to do without sugar." She deprived herself, accordingly, of this little luxury, and was thereby enabled to give one penny per week to the Bible and Missionary Society. Reader,—let it be marked,—from that time her worldly circumstances improved: the more she gave, the more she prospered; and thus found the truth of the Scripture maxim, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

In the course of time, she was enabled to increase her subscription, and gave regularly eightpence a month to the day of her death! The Committee of the Boston Auxiliary Bible Society presented her with a large, handsome Bible, as a proof of their respect. What was her last end? She said,—

"This is the grand point; this is the last conflict: but I am happy. I am very ill to-night; but I am going higher: it will soon be over. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." This is a victorious death through Christ. Her last words were, "In heaven the topmost stone will be brought forth with shoutings of grace, grace unto it. My notes in heaven will be, Grace, grace."



THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1847.

—◆—  
A CHINESE SCHOOL.

THIS is the picture of a school in Shanghai ; the Master is sitting at a table by himself, and the boy standing by is repeating his lesson ; he turns his back to the table that he may not look over the book.

The Chinese pay great attention to the education of their boys ; learning is much esteemed by them ; and the Magistrates and officers of state in China are chosen on account of their learning, and not because they were sons of rich and noble parents ; this, of course, makes them anxious that their children should be well-educated. And sometimes when a very poor man wishes to send a boy to school, several relations will subscribe sufficient money to educate him ; so that if he be diligent, he will have a chance of becoming rich and honourable.

The Chinese have many stories of men who have been famous for learning, and they repeat them to their children to stir them up to diligence and perseverance.

I have read two of these stories, which I will tell you. " A great many years ago their lived a very learned man ; when he was young he was very idle, and paid no attention to his studies. As he was one day rambling about in his usual idle way, he saw an old woman rubbing an iron crow-bar on a stone ; he said to her, ' What are you doing, mother ? ' ' O,' said she, ' I want a needle, and I am grinding down this crow-bar to make one.' The young man was so struck with the diligence and perseverance of the

woman, that he went home, applied himself to his studies with all his might, and became one of the most learned of the Chinese sages." The other anecdote is of a young man who was very fond of study, but was too poor to buy a candle to read by at night; so he broke a hole in the wall of his chamber, that he might read by the light of his neighbour's candle which shone through the hole.

Every three years it is the custom in China for the Magistrate in the capital city of each province to give prizes or degrees to those students who are considered the most clever. Mr. Smith, the Missionary, says that the year he was in Canton there were seventy-two degrees given; these seventy-two scholars were chosen out of eight thousand candidates: the honour gained by these degrees is so great that men will sometimes persevere through successive years of disappointment till their seventieth or eightieth year.

Now this would all be very pleasant to think about, if it were true wisdom that these Chinese were striving to obtain; but, alas! their learning is all foolishness, vain philosophy, and maxims of Heathen sages, that would never do any good, either to the head or the heart: this is proved in their daily life.

How happy will the time be when these learning-loving people will study the Holy Scriptures, and find there knowledge, and happiness, and eternal life!



## NEW-ZEALAND TRAVELLING.

*(Continued from page 75.)*

THERE was not a single native at Kaitote on our arrival.

A walk across the country of about two miles again brought us to a bend of the river, where we arrived at the Church Missionary Station of Pepepe, the residence of Mr. Ashwell. The Missionary and his wife received us with the utmost hospitality, and we remained with these worthy people during the next day.

In the afternoon our natives were all impatient to start; for the rain had cleared off, and the blue sky was seen in every direction, as the mists rolled up upon the sides of the woody Mount of Taupiri; but Mr. Ashwell gave them a little pig for a feast, and they then readily consented to remain until the next day. During the evening Mrs. Ashwell played upon the piano, and several hymns were sung in the native language at their evening worship. Had it not been for three little native domestics (or rather "helps") that were in the room, I could, for the moment, almost have fancied myself in England again. These girls Mrs. Ashwell had taught to read and sew, and they assisted her in the domestic arrangements of the Mission station: they were droll, fat creatures; and whenever they wanted to pass across the room, they crept upon their hands and knees under the table. I made a sketch of the stoutest of the three. The moment I had completed the sketch it was shown to her; whereupon she instantly rushed out of the room, fancying she was bewitched.

At an early hour we took leave of our friends at the Mission station of Pepepe, and were once more seated in the canoe, pursuing our course up the river. Half an hour after breakfast, we passed a number of natives at a small village on the banks of the river. They were calling to us, "Come on shore, come on shore, or you will be dead for want of food;" when one of our party shrewdly replied, "It is not for love of us you are calling; it is our tobacco that you want."

At Hopetui we met with a sister of Karaka or "Clark," the Chief of Waikato heads, whose portrait I had painted when at Auckland. This portrait I showed to the old woman, who had not seen her brother for some time, when, to my surprise and amusement, she at once commenced a most affectionate *tangi* before the sketch; waving her hands in the usual manner, and uttering successively low whining sounds, expressive of her joy. After she had, as I imagined, satisfied herself with seeing the representation of her brother, I was about to replace the sketch in my portfolio, when she begged that she might be permitted to *tangi* over it in good earnest, saying, "it was her brother—her brother; and she must *tangi* till the tears come;" and sure enough presently the tears did come, and the old woman wept and moaned, and waved her hands before the picture with as much apparent feeling as if her brother himself had thus suddenly



appeared to her. I could not prevail upon the old creature to desist, and was at length compelled to leave the portrait whilst I was employed in sketching elsewhere. In future I shall be more cautious how I show my sketches to the old women, finding they are liable to produce such melancholy effects.

In the evening, Wirihona came into our tent, and we conversed about cannibalism. I inquired of him, if he himself had ever partaken of human flesh? "Yes," he said, "we have all eaten it, when we knew no better."

Late last evening we reached the hospitable roof of the Wesleyan Mission Station. Mr. Wallis, the Missionary, was from home; but his wife received us most kindly, surrounded by a group of half a dozen fine rosy-cheeked children, who showed, in their healthy and happy countenances, how good the climate of New Zealand was.

The Mission Station stands upon the side of a hill, sheltered from the westerly winds, and overlooking a valley, along which winds one of the many branches of the harbour. The scenery around is remarkably fine. The house is about a mile distant from the sea-shore, against which the Southern Ocean beats in the winter with terrible fury.

In the afternoon I visited the chapel, where I found two classes, composed of persons of all ages, squatted on the floor, reading the Testament in the Maori language with the native Teachers, and all intent on their books. They formed a strange-looking medley; here and there the richly tattooed face of a Chief, and now and then the wrinkled visage of a shrivelled old woman, varied the group. One poor decrepit soul was in mourning, I think it was for her husband; her weeds consisted of a profusion of shreds of red cloth tied round her head, and hanging in a bunch over her forehead. Both the native Teachers wore European costume. The senior Teacher was a mild little man, neatly tattooed, and dressed in a suit of faded black cloth: he gave out a hymn, and concluded the service with a prayer.

All day at Waingarua taking portraits of the principal Chiefs. A *korero*, or "gathering of the native orators," was held at the Mission Station; and the most distinguished of these individuals sat to me for their portraits. So great is the sensation created by the exercise of my art amongst these people, that during the entire day the court-yard has been crowded with natives, all

anxious to have their likenesses taken, that they may go to England: upwards of thirty found their way into the room where I was engaged in painting, and the passage leading to it was crowded to excess, so that there was no getting in or out.

The day is over; the Chiefs have concluded their meeting, at which many energetic and eloquent speeches have been delivered and two of the principal leaders, Wiremu Nera (William Naylor) or Awaitaia, and Paratene Maioha, are sitting with me at the table, writing letters to the Governor; they made me fold their letters for them, and have given me their signatures beneath their portraits.

I painted Paratene dressed in an elegant robe of large size, ornamented with dog's hair. Before commencing my sketch, Paratene went into the parlour to Mrs. Wallis, and said, "Mother, let me have a glass, to see that my countenance is right;" being anxious to compose his features in a manner suitable to his own ideas of propriety before he took his stand for so important a proceeding.

Te Awaitaia, baptized Wiremu Nera, (William Naylor,) is the principal Waingarua Chief, and is a zealous friend both to the Mission and to the various European settlers scattered about the harbour.

When Awaitaia embraced Christianity, Te Whero Whero exclaimed, "I have lost my right arm!" such was that Chief's estimate of Awaitaia's courage. Since his profession of Christianity his character has been without a blemish; and if any native might be singled out as an individual showing the power of the Gospel truth he professes to have received, Wiremu Nera is the man. His deportment and general behaviour are mild in the extreme, and his countenance, when in repose, exhibits a shade of melancholy which at once awakens a feeling of interest; and, except in moments of unusual excitement, when the kindling of his eye shows his fiery spirit, there is nothing in his appearance to remind the beholders of a man whose name was a terror to his foes.



## THE EVER-PRESENT GOD.

GOD made the world—in every land  
His love and power abound ;  
All are protected by his hand,  
As well as British ground.

The Indian hut, the English cot,  
Alike his care must own ;  
Though savage nations know him not,  
But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,  
And constant bounty pours,  
From wild Arabia's burning sands  
To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,  
Where feet have never trod,  
There in majestic power he reigns  
An ever-present God.


All the inhabitants of earth  
Who dwell beneath the sun,  
Of different nations, name, and birth,  
He knows them every one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,  
The cultured and the wild ;  
The lofty monarch on the throne,  
And every little child.

While he regards the wise and fair,  
The noble and the brave,  
He listens to the beggar's prayer,  
And the poor negro slave.

He knows the worthy from the vile,  
And sends his mercies down :  
None are too mean to share his smile,  
Or to provoke his frown.


Great God! and since thy piercing eye  
My inmost heart can see,  
Teach me from every sin to fly,  
And turn that heart to thee.



## AN EXHORTATION.

WHILST I was reading Nathaniel's address to the idle and wicked New-Zealand children, in the last month's Juvenile Offering, I thought the same address might be given to some of our English youth. There are not many boys, perhaps, who would speak out so boldly and wickedly as Koneke did, and say, "I am for sin: sin constantly; for ever and ever and ever." But do you not say so by your conduct? You put off the work of repentance, you pay no attention to the warnings of your parents and teachers; and, if not committing open sin, you are indifferent to religion, you are not decided for God, therefore you are decided for the devil. How can you think of this without horror? What, if God were to cut short your life, and condemn you to the punishment of sin for ever and ever! Is this a matter to be indifferent about? You may put off repentance; but you cannot put off the suffering that will follow unrepented sin.

My dear young friends, let me entreat you no longer to delay giving your whole hearts to God. Why sin against the infinite mercy of your long-suffering Saviour? he waiteth to be gracious. O do not let him wait any longer; but now, while you are reading these lines, resolve that you will turn to him with your whole heart, pray for pardon for past sin, for faith in Christ, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, that your good desires may be confirmed, and that you may never go back to your old state of indifference to religion! O may God grant that this address of Nathaniel, the New-Zealander, may stir up both New-Zealand and English children to be more earnest in seeking a present salvation!



## ANECDOTES OF MONKEYS.

## ANOTHER LETTER FROM MADRAS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—As I understand you have a great desire to possess a few more stories about monkeys, and as I have pleasure in watching the creatures in their pranks, and in telling you about them, I will do so again; and perhaps I ought to say, that I gain my information principally by walking on the top of the house in the morning before sun-rise, when these early risers may be seen in all their antics and grimace, trying to entice each other in feats of agility and mischief.

And, first, there is one of the tribe which frequents my house and neighbourhood, whom I will, for distinction's sake, call Grandpa, as he is apparently the oldest, and is very large. Though he has a hare-lip, he seems to think a good deal of himself, and when he walks he takes long strides, and occasionally stops to look at himself, and sometimes he turns suddenly to take a view of his tail, as if he thought he had lost it: he then examines it well, and feeling satisfied that all is right, he gives it an erect position, and marches off with great pride, no doubt glad to have such a useful appendage.

This venerable sire is not only vain of his person, but he is overbearing; for those who think highly of themselves naturally enough think but little of others: hence he is surly; and should any of the young folks go near him when he is out of temper, they are sure to get a good box over the ears, or, what is worse, a savage bite from his large teeth. Nay, he was so angry not long ago with a youth who had been indulging in some prohibited pleasure, that he pounced on him in the most ferocious way, dashed him down on the hard chunam floor of the house-top, seized him by the throat, nor would he let go his hold till weary of his task; after this the poor victim revived a little, and by a great effort moved on to a lower building, from which it would appear he fell into the street, and there died.

I saw the old fellow, however, well tricked some months ago, when he had managed to steal a loaf from a baker's shop, near to my house. Having gained his prize, he retired to the top of a building near at hand, and began with great zest his morning's meal. Whilst he was thus engaged, two young fellows, who had apparently agreed as to their mode of proceeding, ap-

proached Grandpa in a slow stealthy way: the old rogue observed them, and more than once showed his teeth as a sign of his displeasure; but they went a little nearer, when his highness, no longer able to endure such impudence, set upon them, and whilst he was inflicting signal chastisement upon one of them, the other, with wondrous haste, seized the loaf, and on his three legs hopped off with such speed, that when Grandpa had finished his work, and returned for his bread, he found it had gone. He looked this way and that, but all in vain; his prize had departed, and he might have learned (with many more) that in punishing others, he had in greater degree punished himself. Believe me, I was well pleased to see him outwitted, though I was sorry to see the young urchin receive so much punishment and no profit.

Should the old fellow be left alone, as he sometimes is, (for who would willingly associate with such a cross-grained, greedy fellow as he?) he then stands upright on his hind legs like a man, and leisurely turns round as if on a pivot; and should he spy out the group, they may be sure of a visit of inquiry or blows. Some of the *weaker vessels* have, however, their ways of pleasing Grandpa; they go near to him in such a soft, insinuating way, and look so pleasantly at him, he deigns a smile; but his hare lip makes him to appear as if a smile was on both sides of his face, which, for any thing I know to the contrary, may make him look more interesting in the estimation of his family.

I am tired of writing about this miserable old churl; but I must tell my young friends, that he is very kind to his great, and great, great grandchildren, especially when they are very young, for he accompanies the mother wherever she goes, sits by her side when she is weary, and now and then strokes the "wee thing;" but he is not allowed to take it in his own arms, till it shall be able to bear his somewhat rough handling, and uncouth caresses, when I assure you he makes a great deal too of the little dear.

Recently we have not suffered much in our own house, for I have had stones placed in different rooms to be ready to throw at our unwelcome visitors; but, excepting once, never have we been able to hit them; for, no sooner do they see you about to throw, than they act accordingly; down goes their head, or they skid on one side, or fall on the floor, so that it is almost imp-

strikes them : they are, however, more careful in their proceedings, from a fear of being wounded. But we have been grieved by them several times, especially by the destruction of a valued keepsake which was literally torn in pieces by one of these unfeeling enemies. We have also suffered frequently through their anger ; for when they have been disappointed of their prey in the house, or hastily driven away, they have mounted another part of the premises which are covered with common red tiles, and have commenced breaking them, and throwing them on the ground. And this, by the way, reminds me of the plan by which the natives of Madras show their malice against each other ; for they procure a quantity of peas, and throw them on the tiles of those they hate, and no sooner do the monkeys see them, than they commence eating and fighting on the roof, and in searching for any which remain, displace or destroy great numbers of the tiles.

But I must not forget to relate another exploit of our active foes, which makes it needful to say, that we keep our water in earthen vessels, and as it is poured in at eventide, it is particularly cool in the morning ; but should any of the pug family be out of temper, or thirsty, in one moment he will dash the *chatty* to pieces, and then scamper off in the greatest haste, leaving you to shout, or threaten with your hands ; and no sooner is he at a convenient distance, than he sits down to look at you, and comfort himself with what he has done.

As another instance of the propensity of this creature for mischief, I refer to a couple of industrious and affectionate crows, who had nearly finished a comfortable nest in the box, for their expected family, at the top of a wooden spout ; but one morning as I was taking my elevated walk, I heard a great deal of cawing ; and, on looking, I saw a young monkey pulling out the twigs and straw with one hand, whilst he held on by the other. The birds, however, were not inclined to submit quietly to this, and not only did they set up their most discordant notes ; but they used their strong beaks very successfully, and pug, sore against his will, was obliged to sheer off. He was not, however, satisfied ; and, during the absence of the birds, he again set to work on his errand of mischief, and with redoubled activity ; the pair also returned, and with increased violence attacked their wanton adversary, and again he had to retreat ; but in a few days he had

destroyed the whole, and the poor birds were obliged to seek for another home.

And now, my dear young friends, I have nearly done, and, believe me, I have taxed myself to please you; but I must relate a curious circumstance which I believe to be perfectly true, as it was told me by a lady who would not exaggerate. I now allude to a *monkey funeral*. My informant was walking on the top of her lofty house, looking out to the sea for the return of her husband, when her attention was attracted by chattering and unusual noises: she turned her eyes to the place whence the sounds came, and there she perceived a number of monkeys making a hole with their hands, after which she saw them lift one of their dead companions, and put him in the grave, taking care to bend the tail so as to fold it by the body, after which they covered the whole with earth. She was so surprised, she called the servants, who all saw what was done; and some of them said, they had seen the dead monkey there the day before. I should say, this cannot be nature, cannot be the result of instinct; but of observation, of imitation, arising from having seen human beings bury their dead out of their sight.

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### JACOB'S BLESSING NOT LOST BY ESAU'S.

Nor long ago, a pious widow wrote to me from Stockholm, mentioning how much she now needed my counsel, which, on many former occasions, had greatly served her. Her new distress was this: By the death of a relative she had become possessed of some property, though formerly she was very poor. She really considered this a sore trial, and feared lest the love of the world should get possession of her heart, and the love of Christ wax cold in consequence. She added, however, that, after much wrestling with God in prayer, she had received the assurance that He would dispose and enable her so to care for the poor, and the kingdom of Christ in the world, with the means now intrusted to her stewardship; that the twin brethren, Esau and Jacob, might both be kept alive, and the temporal blessing of Esau, now bestowed, not be a"



to interfere with Jacob's spiritual blessing formerly conferred.

Many, many, alas for them! allow Esau's blessing, granted them after their conversion to God, to injure most seriously Jacob's more spiritual inheritance. What a wretched exchange!

*Rev. George Scott.*

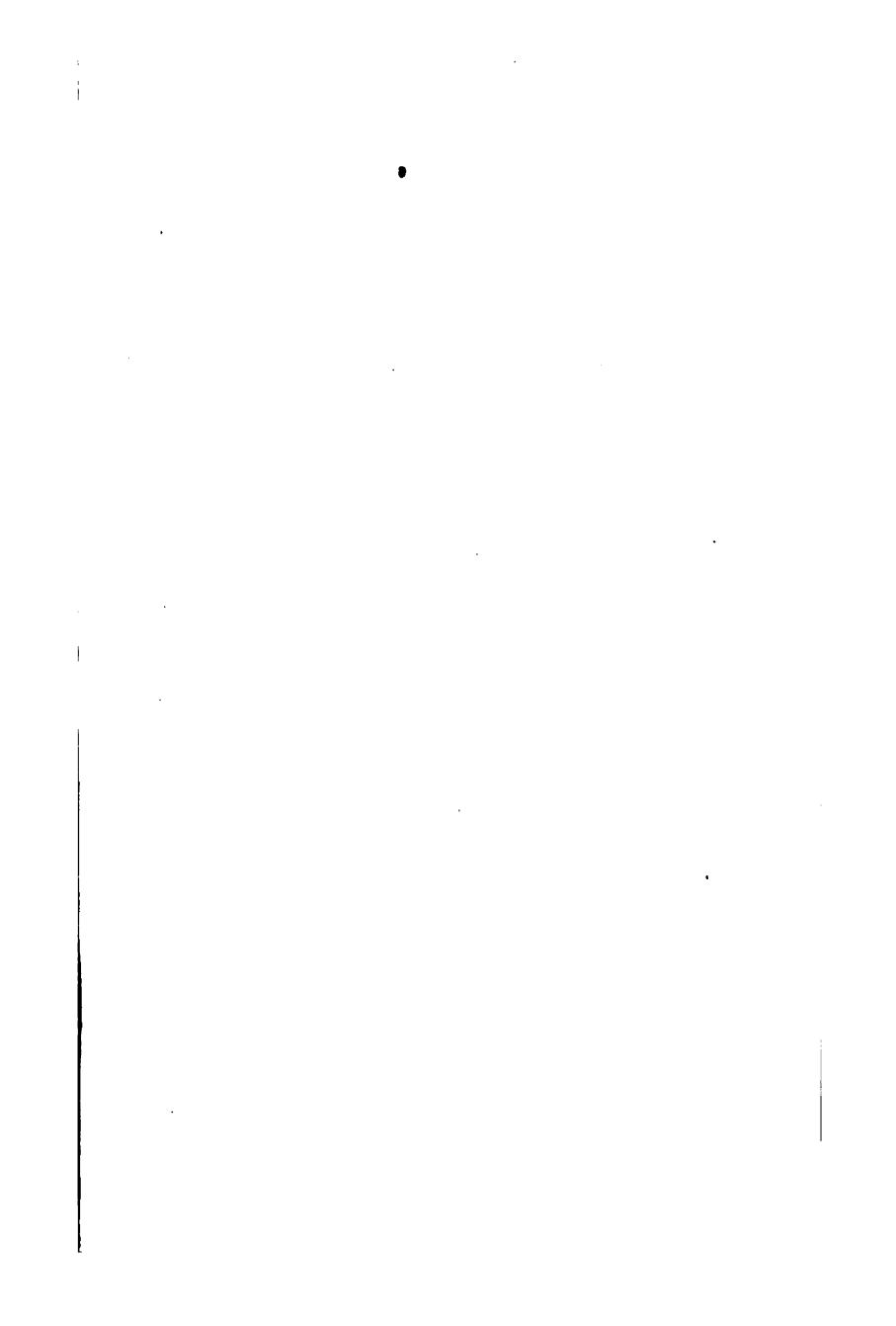
### "SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

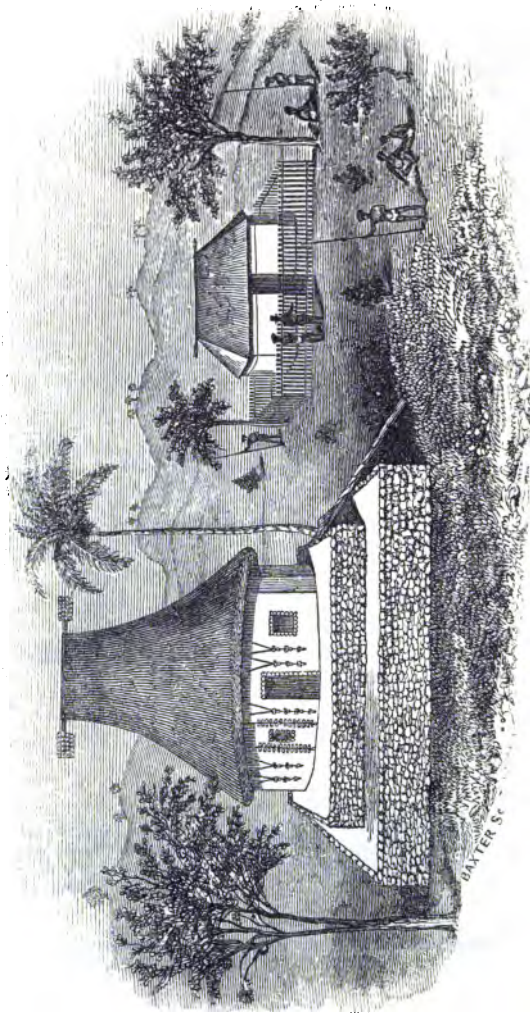
Among the sums received at the Missionary Anniversary last month, was one which I think deserves to be placed on record in your Juvenile Offering. A poor woman brought one hundred and sixty-eight farthings, which she had put by during the year on behalf of the Heathen. At the preceding Anniversary she was much impressed by what she heard, and resolved on giving something. This resolution was put into practice, and the result was 3s. 6d. for her subscription. This poor woman's husband was several times out of work, their seven children and themselves sometimes wanted more bread; but she persevered in her plan, and from her poverty spared something for perishing souls. The guineas, and fifties and hundreds of pounds, are praiseworthy; but these occasional offerings eclipse them all.

*Rev. Jonathan Cadman.*

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**VIEW OF THE HOUSE ENCLOSING THE GRAVE OF THE REV. WILLIAM CROSS, AND OF THE PRINCIPAL  
HEATHEN TEMPLE, AT SOMOSOMO, FEEJEE.**

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

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THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

O, 't is a placid rest ;  
Who should deplore it ?  
Trance of the pure and blest,  
Angels watch o'er it :  
Sleep of his mortal night,  
Sorrow can't break it ;  
Heaven's own morning light  
Alone shall awake it.

Nobly thy course is run,  
Splendour is round it ;  
Bravely thy fight is won,  
Freedom hath crown'd it.  
In the high warfare  
Of heaven grown hoary,  
Thou 'rt gone like the summer sun,  
Shrouded in glory.

Twine, twine the victory wreath,  
Spirits that meet him !  
Sweet songs of triumph breathe,  
Seraphs, to greet him !  
From his high resting-place,  
Who shall him sever ;  
With his God, face to face,  
Leave him for ever.

C.

## DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM CROSS.

WE have already told you something about Mr. Cross. In a former Number of the Juvenile Offering, there was an account of his being shipwrecked, when on a voyage from Nukualofa to Vavau; at which time his poor wife was drowned. Mr. Cross lived ten years after this. He continued labouring amongst the Tonguese and Feejeeans; and it would make your heart ache to read of the hardships he had to bear, and the great trials he passed through. Sometimes he was almost starved because his stock of flour was gone, and the natives had no food to give him. He was often obliged to lodge in hovels, and places where he was exposed to wet and cold; and, worse than all, he was surrounded by savages who delighted in the most shocking cruelties, and who were almost daily committing crimes too horrible even to repeat. Can you wonder, then, that his health at last failed, and that he died? It is true he had a great deal to comfort and cheer him amidst all these trials. God was with him, and blessed him, and blessed his labours.

Many of the sad wicked people among whom he lived became gentle, loving Christians. But while his soul rejoiced in witnessing what great things God was doing amongst the Heathen, his body was worn down by sickness; and at last, after fifteen years' labour in the South Seas, God called him to himself. It was thought, when his last illness commenced, that if he left his Station and went to Sydney he would get better; but there was no one to take his place, and if he had gone his people would have been left without a Missionary; and he therefore nobly resolved to stay where he was; "for," he said, "it was far easier to die in the work, than to leave it under such circumstances."

During his illness, the state of his mind was one of undisturbed peace and calm resignation to the divine will. He said to a brother Missionary who visited him, "I should like to live, that I might work for God; but I

know that he can do without me." When the young King of the island called to inquire after him, "Tell him," he said, "I am not afraid to die; I am quite willing that God should do with me as he pleases." The Missionary said, "Brother Cross, do you still find Christ precious?" He replied, "Yes, yes; unto them which believe he is precious." When he felt he was dying, he took an affectionate leave of his weeping friends. After this he became delirious. Every thing he uttered during his delirium bespoke a holy and Christian mind. His last words, while yet sensible, were, "Best for a Missionary to go home, to escape to the skies, and join the enraptured host of heaven, and be with Jesus and angels." After many hours of suffering, his happy spirit fled to join the hosts in heaven.

*The above particulars are taken from Hunt's "Memoirs of the Rev. W. Cross;" a book that we strongly recommend to our readers.*

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### THE "JOHN WESLEY" MISSIONARY SHIP.


We have very good news from the "John Wesley." You will remember she sailed from Southampton, nearly twelve months ago, with a cargo of stores and presents for the Missions in the South Seas, and with several Missionaries and their wives for passengers. The Captain is an able seaman, and a good Methodist: the crew were quiet, well-behaved men. By the good providence of God, they have made the voyage over half the world in safety and comfort. When we last heard from them they were at the antipodes, just under our feet, at New-Zealand. In passing over the ocean they met with several severe storms of wind, which did them no harm. They had regular worship on board, and on Sunday the Missionaries preached. Many of the sailors were led to pray, and read the holy Scriptures, as they had never done before, and have become truly religious.

The arrival of the "John Wesley" at Sydney,

South Wales, on the 18th of March, was an occasion of great joy to the Missionaries and people at that place. The chapels were crowded to hear the new Missionaries preach, and Bible-Society Meetings and Missionary Meetings were held, at which many good speeches were made. The people at Sydney wanted to keep all the Missionaries; but they knew they were not sent to stay at a pleasant place like that, but to go on to the poor Heathen. So on the 31st of March they sailed again, and arrived in New-Zealand on the 11th of April. When they had landed the goods and presents for the Missionaries there, they would next sail for the Friendly Islands, where the people are very desirous of more Teachers to reside among them, for the benefit of themselves and their children. They would then sail for the Feejees, to visit the Missionaries who are living among the cannibals. The Rev. Walter Lawry, of New-Zealand, would sail with them; and we can imagine the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and the other Missionaries, at seeing the face, and hearing the voice, of an old friend, after so many years' separation, and the pleasure with which they will open the valuable stores and presents for themselves and their children which the ship has carried from this country.

After visiting the islands, the ship will have to return to New-Zealand, and perhaps to Sydney, to purchase flour, and biscuits, and sugar, and tea, and clothing, and whatever else the Missionaries may want, and carry them back to the islands. She will take the Missionaries to the District-Meetings, and carry them back to their Stations; and if any of them are sick, she will give them the benefit of a longer sea-voyage.

We ought to pray that this useful vessel may be preserved in safety, and that the labours of the Missionaries may be made a great blessing in those dark and Heathen parts of the world.



"OUR SUFFICIENCY IS OF GOD."

ARE you not, my young friends, sometimes discouraged, when thinking of the difficulties that are in the way of the success of Missions ; how much ought to be done, and how little you seem able to do ? Read the verses which follow, and you will see where your true strength lies.

" But who sufficient is to lead  
And execute the vast design ?  
How can our arduous toil succeed,  
When earth and hell their forces join,  
The meanest instruments to' o'erthrow,  
Which thou hast ever used below ?

" Mountains, alas ! on mountains rise,  
To make our utmost efforts vain ;  
The work our feeble strength defies.  
And all the helps and hopes of man :  
Our utter impotence we see ;  
But nothing is too hard for thee !

" The things impossible to men  
Thou canst for thine own people do ;  
Thy strength be in our weakness seen ;  
Thy wisdom in our folly show ;  
Prevent, accompany, and bless,  
And crown the whole with full success.

" Unless the power of heavenly grace,  
The wisdom of the Deity,  
Direct and govern all our ways.  
And all our works be wrought in thee,—  
Our blasted works we know shall fail,  
And earth and hell at last prevail.

" But, O Almighty God of love,  
Into thy hands the matter take ;  
The mountain-obstacles remove,  
For thine own truth and mercy's sake ;  
Fulfil in ours thy own design,  
And prove the work entirely thine."





**LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY IN INDIA TO  
THE CHILDREN OF THE SEVENOAKS SUN-  
DAY-SCHOOL.**

**MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,**

SITUATED in a land of darkness and sin, I am still the subject, as I ever was, of a deep and constant interest in your well-being; and nothing on earth would produce feelings of greater joy than to hear that those with whom I was always so much delighted to converse on matters connected with salvation, were pursuing a course of piety, and enjoying the peace of God which passeth understanding.

The reason, however, that I write to you now, is, that I think you would like to hear something about the people among whom I live; and O, how happy I should be, if, contrasting your privileges and enjoyments with theirs, you were induced to present yourselves to God as a holy, living sacrifice, in return for all his love to you!

After all you have heard of the cruel practices, the superstitious feelings, the degraded condition, and the God-dishonouring sentiments, which are prevalent here, not the half has been told; and never, while you dwell in a Christian land, can you form any idea of the heart-rending, heart-withering scenes, which we daily see. I have heard people call the stones on which they tread the supreme God of the universe; and I have seen them fall prostrate before a senseless idol, saying, "Thou art our God; save us!"

Shall I tell you of one scene of idol-worship which I was called to witness a few weeks ago? It was in a town containing a population of many, many thousands, but where there is not one whose heart is given to its rightful owner,—the Saviour who bought it on the tree. When Mr. Hardey and I were passing along a wild and almost trackless waste, that led us to the scene of that day's labours, the sun was just rising above the mountains, diffusing glory and beauty on every object: we saw it with gratitude, and praised its

Maker; but, alas! we knew that it had arisen to reveal scenes which were insulting to Heaven and ruinous to men.

We reached the town just at the time when, in these sultry regions, all the people are in activity. The women were returning from the wells with their vessels of water on their heads; the merchant was engaged in the selling of his goods; the ryot was ploughing his field; and all seemed mindful of "the life that now is." But a moment's observation was sufficient to convince us that there was something more than common going on.

Men and women of all castes were at the public tank, washing their turbans and their clothes; bangles, and many other ornaments, (in which the females here so much delight,) were on sale; people of all ranks, from the learned Brahman to the despised Pariah, and of all ages, from the man stooping beneath the weight of years to the helpless infant on its father's bullock, were pouring in from the surrounding villages; and children were sporting about, with all the glee which prevails at the commencement of an English fair.

It was the annual festival in honour of their god; and perverted human nature rejoiced in expectation of the riot, debauchery, and vice which prevail on those occasions. For you must never forget that there is no piety of heart in idolatry; their most sacred times are the most sinful; and the services which they regard as most pleasing to their gods, are those where crime throws off restraint. Here then we were, two believers in Jesus, surrounded on all hands by the symbols of idolatry and superstition; and the first thing we did was to stand in the public thoroughfare, and invite attention to the Lamb of God. O, it was so sweet to tell of Jesus in a land so dark, and to hold up to deluded mortals a way of safety and of hope. When the people heard us, they marvelled and left us, and went their way, one to his farm, another to his merchandise.

At eight o'clock we went to a shelter from which we intended to remain for the day, conve

as many as would listen to us. It was close to the great temple of the town, around and upon which hundreds of the monkeys were jumping, playing, fighting, and receiving divine honours. In front of the temple stood three cumbrous cars. Upon one were figures carved out, representing crimes which are a disgrace to our fallen nature. Upon another stood a wooden elephant, on which one of the gods might ride; and the third was decorated to the top with all the skill that native ingenuity could command. There were the solid wheels, the towering sides, the showy flags; and on the ground lay the great strong rope by which the people were to drag it to a distance.

The temple doors were opened wide, and I ascended the great stone steps to speak with men who were waiting to engage in the ceremonies of the occasion; but one, supposing that my very feet would pollute the sacred portals, speedily beckoned me away. Under the shadow of the elephant's head I next took my stand, and the poorer people flocked around to hear what I could say against their gods. I watched every movement with intense interest, but with heartfelt grief; and could only pray, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The temple-girls, with flowers and fruit in a large brass pan upon their heads, now entered the doors, the musicians followed. The idol was brought into their yard, and the offerings made by fire unto their lord, while the Brahmins, to render the deity propitious, joined with harmony to sing the song of adoration. The music ceased, and a general movement was seen among the people. I asked, "What are they about to do?" "O," said one, "the god is coming, the god is coming!" I could ask no more questions before a man, holding in his hand a burning torch, was coming slowly down the steps. Behind him were two brass idols, about nine inches in height, each borne upon the shoulders of four men. At their side one was occupied in sheltering the gods from the rays of the scorching sun, and others in swinging their large brush fans to drive away the flies; while in the rear a company of men devoutly walked, singing verses from their sacred books.

In this way they proceeded through the several streets to excite the devotion of the people; and then, placing the object of their worship upon the largest car, a number of deluded men eagerly seized the rope, and drew the enormous weight till they could draw no longer.

And what did they expect to gain? Why, they thought that they were doing God service, and that he would reward their piety by removing the burden of their guilt, and after death by taking them to himself. But, O, how much mistaken! These very men will soon pass away from time, and the realities of eternity will burst upon them; and when they see inscribed upon the gates of heaven, "No idolater hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God," then all their errors will fly, and they will spend an eternity in bitter, unavailing wailings.

We are come among them to tell them of the Gospel of the grace of God. Some say that it is just what they need; but others have been taught from infancy to blaspheme that holy name in which we trust; and what marvel if their hearts should be like the stony ground?

Even on the day in which all that I have described occurred, we were talking to a pretty little boy about Christ. "O," said he, in a moment, "Christ is nobody; all that you say about him is false; he is not fit for a Saviour!" And it is through education like that which he had received, that generation after generation cleave to the absurdities of Heathenism.

And now, my dear young friends, I want you to see and feel how merciful the providence of God has been to you, that you were born in a Christian land, away from influences so unholy, and in the midst of privileges so vast. O do give yourselves to the Saviour! Let the breaking up of the fallow ground, and the early and the latter rain, issue in an abundant harvest. And when you are saved yourselves, then pray, pray for us; and who knows but that some of you may be called to leave the land of your nativity, and to labour among this poor benighted people, to snatch them as brands from the burning? My heart is full of anxious concern for your salvation. May the I

bless you and your dear Teachers with heavenly wisdom,  
and may I meet you all in heaven !

So prays your affectionate friend,

BENJAMIN FIELD.

*Goobbee, May 6th, 1847. .*



### DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

In the month of August Mr. J. B. Waterhouse was ordained in Spitalfields chapel, London, before leaving England to go as a Missionary to Van-Diemen's Land. He is the son of the Rev. John Waterhouse, of whom, I dare say, many of you have heard, who went to the South Seas, and made two voyages in the "Triton," visiting all the Mission Stations in that part of the world. The fatigues and hardships which he passed through in these voyages killed him. When on his dying bed, just before he expired, he appeared to be musing ; and it is supposed the Missions under his care engaged his final thoughts, and that he felt the need of a greater number of labourers in the field ; for he raised himself in bed, without help, and cried out, "MISSIONARIES ! MISSIONARIES ! MISSIONARIES !" and then sank back, and never spoke afterwards. "It was that," said his son, "that made *me* a Missionary." He saw how infinitely precious immortal souls appeared to his father, whose redeemed spirit was just entering the eternal world ; and how he longed that Missionaries would go and preach to them : and, from that hour, he resolved to spend his life in teaching sinners the way of salvation. He gave up a good and profitable business, and came to England, to have instruction at the Richmond Institution ; for he was a very young man. After spending four years in England, Mr. Waterhouse set sail, on the 23d of August, for Hobart-Town, where we hope he will be very useful.

When Mr. Waterhouse addressed the congregation at his ordination, he said, that, before he left Van-Diemen's Land, he sometimes preached to the convicts. On one occasion there were one thousand present ; a file of

soldiers was ranged under the pulpit, with loaded muskets, ready to fire on any of the men if they attempted to escape, or to do any mischief. These convicts were all in irons; and the clanking of their chains, as they stood up to sing, was the most awful noise he had ever heard; each man had forty pounds' weight of iron on him. Many of these unhappy convicts have been turned from sin by the preaching of Missionaries. Some have settled in the country, and are respectable and industrious; others have returned to their native country quite reformed; and not a few have died happy, praising God that the Missionaries ever preached to them.

Mr. Chapman sailed in the same ship with Mr. Waterhouse, for Sydney. He was Missionary for two years at the River Gambia, Western Africa, but was obliged to return to England, as he had quite lost his health in that hot country. The climate of New South Wales is very good; and he, no doubt, will soon get quite well and strong.

Mr. and Mrs. Dove left England for Gibraltar on the 27th of August. Mr. Dove has been Missionary at Sierra-Leone for fifteen years; and he would be very glad to return there, for his heart yearns over his beloved Africans, whom he has preached to so long, but Mrs. Dove's health will not allow of their going back.

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### LOVE TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.

I HAVE known many pleasing instances of the attachment of the slaves in the West Indies to the house of God.

One was James Phillips, of St. Christopher's. He belonged to an estate at Palmetta-Point, where we had a good society and a small chapel. Every Sabbath morning, afternoon, and evening, he spent in attending preaching, meeting his class, and teaching in the Sunday-school. On Monday evening he would attend Old-Road chapel, at which place I resided, three miles distant. On Tuesday evening, he was in his place at Palmetta-Point chapel. On Wednesday evening he would be again at the service in

Old-Road chapel; on Thursday evening again at his own chapel. Thus he would be at six or seven services during a week. I knew him for several years, the greater part of which he was a slave, often severely tried and exposed to sin; but his conduct was exemplary, in all things adorning the doctrines of the Gospel. Before I left the Mission-field, several of his children were united to God's people.

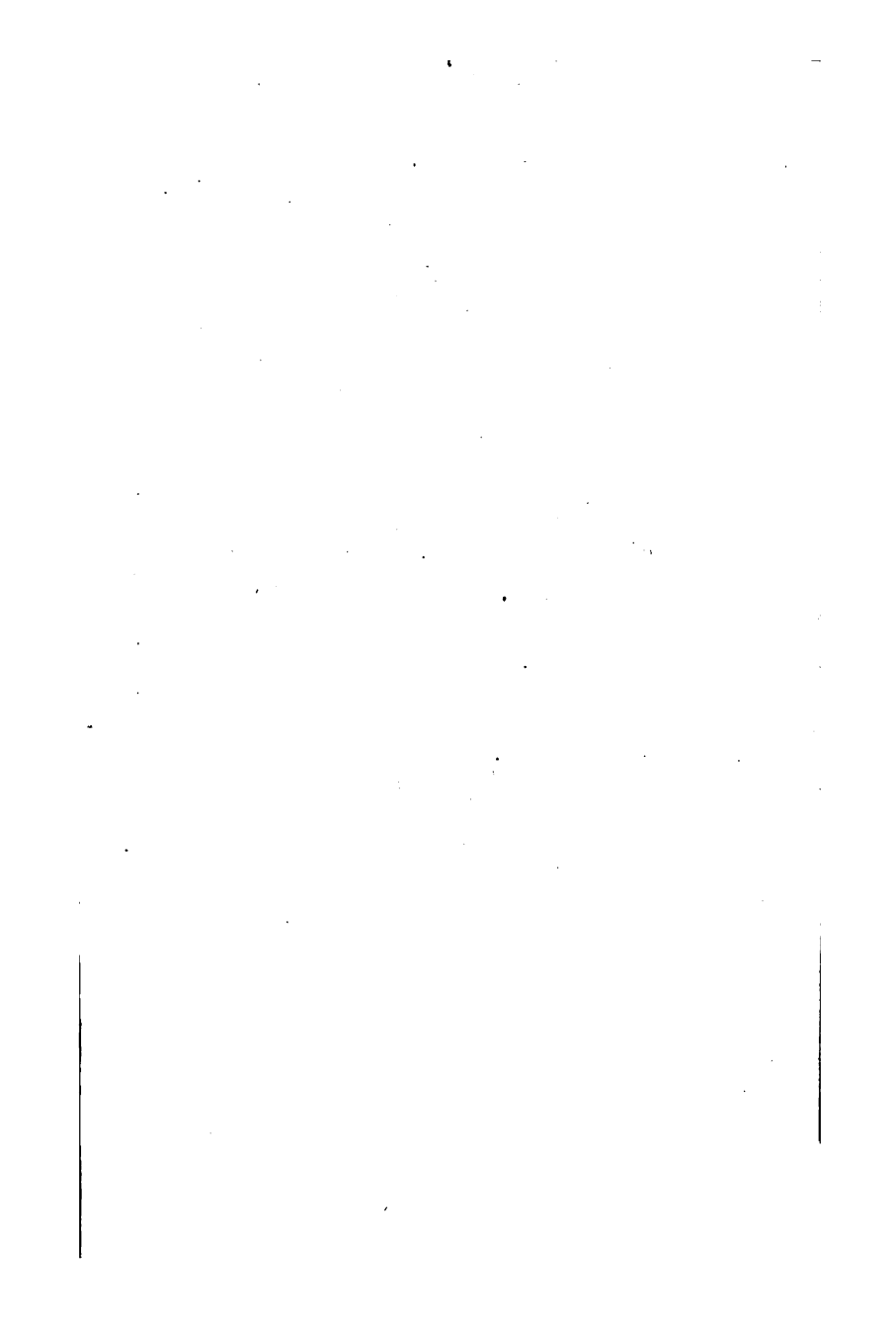
*Rev. Jonathan Cadman.*

### TO OUR JUVENILE COLLECTORS.

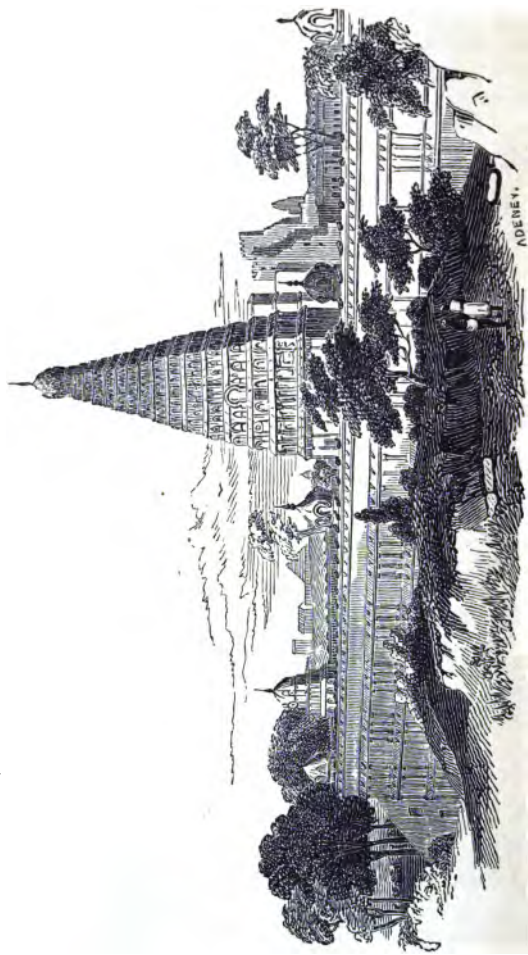
THE time is now approaching when our young people are accustomed to make their yearly offering to the Missionary cause. It is now almost a form to remind you of it; because I dare say most of you are looking forward to the time with great satisfaction, and are forming plans by which you may get more money than you did last year. Your help is wanted as much as ever, nay, more than ever; thousands upon thousands are gasping for the words of eternal life, waiting for us to send the Gospel to them, eager to receive Missionaries to teach them the way to heaven. You will, I am sure, do your very utmost this Christmas, and try to collect more money than you did last year. O, my dear young friends, you know not how much good you are doing by your Christmas Offerings! By your means souls are saved from hell; and you never will know the full value of this your united effort, till you can estimate the worth of immortal souls.

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**PAGODA AT TANJORE, INDIA.**

THE  
**WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.**  
**DECEMBER, 1847.**

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**HINDOO TEMPLE AT TANJORE, SOUTH INDIA.**

THIS temple, or pagoda, is said to be one of the finest in India. The tower is built in the form of a pyramid. Inside is a bull, carved out of a block of black granite, which the poor Heathens reverence and worship. This temple is situated in a very delightful country, which is seen covered with rice-fields and clumps of trees, whilst in the distance is a range of lofty mountains.

There are many Christians in the city of Tanjore. Mr. Swartz was the first Protestant Missionary who preached the Gospel there. He arrived in India in 1750, nearly one hundred years ago. In 1764 he took a journey on foot to Tanjore, and preached in the city and in the palace, in the hearing of the King, and afterwards established a Mission there, which is still continued.

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**ACCOUNT OF SEVARETTENUM.**

I WILL copy for you a little history of a child in my school, who died at nine years of age. She came into my school in February, 1846; and during the whole time she was with me, I never had the least fault to find with her; she was industrious, teachable, and humble.

SEVARETTENUM was the daughter of a poor widow, who lives in Tinnevely, South India. The father died when she was very young, and, soon after, her mother sent her and her younger sister to the village day-school. They both attended school very regularly; Sevarettenum, however, was the most diligent in learning to read. When

I heard the children read, and observed her correct pronunciation and care in minding her stops, I placed her before all the other girls of her class; sometimes, when they were standing up together, I asked those among them who had prayed on the previous evening to tell me, one by one, in what manner they had done so, when it appeared evident that Sevarettenum had prayed as one who was sensible of her natural corruption, and most desirous to be delivered therefrom. On Sabbath-days, when I saw the women who lived near her mother's house, and asked them how they passed their time on this day, they replied, "Sevarettenum brings her Bible and reads to us, and we listen to her." I then inquired whether they had asked her to bring her book and read to them, or whether she had asked them to come to her; when they told me that she had invited them to come to the place where she was in the habit of reading. "And what did she read about?" "About the sufferings of the Saviour."

On the Sabbath, when I saw Sevarettenum, and asked her how she employed her time when service was over, she replied, "I read to the women who are in the streets" (that is, who live in the neighbouring huts). "And why do you always read to them of the sufferings of the Saviour, and never upon any other subject?" "Because," she replied, "some of them are ignorant of it." Upon inquiring of the girls, also, whether they repeated to their parents and friends the hymns they learned at school, Sevarettenum told me that she taught her mother those concerning the sufferings of the Redeemer.

One day, when Sevarettenum's mother was sick, I went to visit her, and seeing a book upon her mat, inquired if her daughters read to her at night; to which she replied, "My youngest child, after taking her supper, immediately goes to sleep; but Sevarettenum brings a light, and, asking for the Testament, reads a little out of it, and prays, and then retires. She also gives me good advice when I feel distressed at the recollection of the loss of her father."

In the next house to hers there lives a poor woman whose husband went over to Colombo some time since;

and, on account of his long absence, she feels distressed, and weeps. Sevarettenum, upon seeing her, said, "Why do you weep? Your husband, who is so far distant, cannot hear your lamentations; pray to the Lord, and as he watched over Jacob and Joseph, so he will watch over you." "Sometimes," says her mother, "when we have but little food, Sevarettenum receives what I have to give her, and cheerfully eats it. She is also most diligent in spinning the cotton which I give her, and learns her lessons at the same time."

The Schoolmistress gives the following account:—"When she was ill, I said to her, 'Sevarettenum, do not be afraid on account of your illness, but put your trust in the Lord;' to which she replied, 'I do not fear: I beseech the Lord to comfort me. How great were his sufferings! I think much both of them and of his death, and put my whole trust upon Him who has said, *Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden.*'"

During her illness she asked her sister to bring an ola palm, a leaf which the natives of India use instead of paper, and write to her mother; she was too weak to write herself, but dictated to her sister the following letter:—

"Miss Giberne, the Catechist, and the rest of the school girls, are all well at Courtallam. The Lord has sent fever upon me; you must not, however, be anxious, but trust in the Lord, and he will comfort you."

When her schoolfellows came to inquire how she was, she used to ask them questions about the Scriptures, and learn from them things of which she was before ignorant.

Her mother, hearing of her severe illness, came to Courtallam to see her, and wept much on finding her so weak. When the child heard her mother weep, she gathered strength, and slowly raising herself up, she said, "You must not weep;" and wiping her tears away, inquired if the people of her village were all well, and conversed for a short time, then asked to be gently laid upon her mat, and slept a little. She appeared to doze all the evening; but it was not till past ten that we perceived, i-

giving her medicine, that she was no longer sensible to the thoughts of this world. Her spirit fled about an hour after.

*Extract of a Letter from Miss Giberne, Agent of the Ladies' Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.*

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### MISSIONARY SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

MARCH 25th, 1846.—This evening we arrived at Harris, but were grieved to find only a few houses, instead of the large number we expected to see. We were consoled, however, by witnessing an answer to our prayers in one respect. The sky was covered with dark and massy clouds, a delightful prospect in this dry and burning land; the red lightnings darted and glared incessantly from every quarter of the darkened heavens, whilst the thunder burst in rapid and terrific peals over our heads; so that our waggon, and the very earth, quailed under its reverberations.

Our only habitation was the waggon; a very dangerous place in such storms, considering the quantity of iron there is about it; yet we felt no alarm, knowing the Lord of the tempest to be our defence. At length the thick clouds rent asunder, and the danger from the electric fluid diminished by the descent of floods of rain upon the scorched and thirity earth. Our hearts beat high with emotions of gratitude and delight at this outpouring of blessing from above, and we were lulled into a sweeter slumber by the music of its descent on the till-sail of our waggon during the whole night. This morning I called together the few persons on the place, and held a service with them, and in the afternoon left for home.

Since the late rains, our journeys have been enlivened by the vast numbers of springboks, gemsboks, zebras, quaggas, and ostriches, that all in turn inspect and then take fright at our waggon, as it travels slowly over the grassy plains. In addition to the jackals, wolves, and tigers, that already abound, wild dogs and lions will, before long, follow in the rear, all "seeking their meat" from the beautiful and harmless animals of the plain. About six

months since, springboks being abundant, two large male lions appeared, and were shot not far from the Station.

*Rev. B. Ridsdale, Great-Namacqualand, South Africa.*

### BLESSED EFFECTS OF A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.


"FEBRUARY 3d, 1846.—This is the day for the monthly sessions of the Vavau group; and what a sight have I witnessed! Old and young have come to make confession to the Judges of some misdemeanours of which they have been guilty for years back. As the greater part of those who thus came to confess, have obtained mercy at the hands of God during the late revival of religion in these islands, the Judges have given a general pardon. When their gracious design was made known, of granting a full pardon for past offences against the laws, the effect was almost overwhelming. The people gave shouts of applause, and made the house ring with their thanksgivings both to them and to the Almighty. At my request, they arose to sing a song of praise to Almighty God for the grace manifested to them from himself, and that he had inclined their governors to imitate him in his readiness to forgive all who humbly confess and fully forsake all their sins. After singing, the assembly was broken up, by some of the Chiefs offering up prayers to God in behalf of the people. The sight was impressive, and will not soon be forgotten by the people or the Chiefs."

At the next monthly sessions of the native Magistrates to try offenders, the court-house contained no criminal. The following is the brief record of the Missionary:—

"The people are all engaged in prayer. God has poured upon them the spirit of prayer. One of the Judges came up, and said these were fine times, for there are no offenders to be judged. There has not been one for nearly two months. Does not this prove the work to be of God?"

## THE LAND OF CONTRADICTIONS.

THERE is a land, in distant seas,  
Full of all contrarieties.  
There beasts have mallard's bill and legs,  
Have spurs like cocks, like hens lay eggs.  
There parrots walk upon the ground ;  
And grass upon the trees is found :  
On other trees, another wonder !  
Leaves without upper side or under.  
There pears you 'll scarce with hatchet cut,  
Stones are outside the cherries put ;  
Swans are not white, but black as soot ;  
There neither leaf, nor root, nor fruit,  
Will any Christian palate suit ;  
Unless in desperate need you 'll fill ye  
With root of fern, and stalk of lily.  
There missiles, to far distance sent,  
Come whizzing back from whence they went.  
There a voracious ewe-sheep crams  
Her paunch with flesh of tender lambs :  
While, 'stead of bread, and beef, and broth,  
Men feast on many a roasted moth.  
There quadrupeds go on two feet,  
And yet few quadrupeds so fleet ;  
There birds, although they cannot fly,  
In swiftness with the greyhound vie.  
With equal wonder you may see  
The foxes fly from tree to tree ;  
And what they value most, so wary,  
These foxes in their pockets carry.  
The sun, when you to face him turn ye,  
From right to left performs his journey.  
The north winds scorch ; but when the breeze is  
Full from the south, why, then it freezes.  
Now of what place can such strange tales  
Be told with truth, but New South Wales ?



## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

WHENEVER I look back to the years of my childhood, I think how grateful the young people of the present time should be to those kind friends who take the trouble to tell them about the Heathen, and what the Missionaries are doing, and how even children can help the Missions.

When I was a very little girl, I remember Dr. Coke coming to the town in which I lived, to beg money for his West Indian Missions. My dear father, ever ready to help in any way that could serve the cause of Christ, went round with the Doctor, to call upon those persons they thought would assist them. They were very successful; some gave their pounds, others their shillings: some received them very kindly; others were angry at being asked for money, and spoke rudely to them: but, notwithstanding some cross words, they got a great deal of money, and were very well satisfied. There was no Missionary Society at that time: all the money for the support of the Missions was begged by Dr. Coke himself. I suppose he did not think that children could help him in this great work, for he never asked them for any thing; no one thought of talking to children about the Heathen, or of telling them that they might help to send Missionaries to these souls who were perishing for want of teachers.

During his visit Dr. Coke preached a Missionary Sermon; his text was, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God." I was too young to remember the sermon, but I have a perfect recollection of the Doctor. Perhaps one reason why I remembered him was, that he preached in a gown; this was quite a new thing to us Methodist children.

It was a sea-port town in which we lived, and sometimes Missionaries and their wives came to embark from thence. They generally had to wait for some time, either for the ship, or for a favourable wind; and my dear father, and other friends, were glad to entertain these servants of God during their stay. These were times of great interest



to the children. I remember listening to conversations about the dangers they would meet with on the voyage, the persecutions when they arrived at their Stations, or perhaps the prospect of even death itself from savage tribes. The Missionaries were generally accompanied by some relatives,—a father, or brother; the wives often had a sister with them: I never remember a mother coming. The time of the Missionaries leaving us to go on board was always a mournful season; there was weeping, and prayers, and sorrowful adieus to friends and relations, as if they felt they should never meet again; and many of them never did. We children were glad to wait upon the Missionary during his short visit, and to do any thing we could for him; it was the only way in which we could show our willingness to help the cause; and when he went away, he prayed for us, and blessed us, and we were pleased to think we had been of any service to him. After a time, some Missionaries returned to England; some in consequence of the failure of their health, others from different causes. Mr. Lawry came from New Zealand, and gave us an account of the horrible scenes he had witnessed in that country; of men eating human flesh, and of the cruelties and barbarism of the savage natives. Some Missionaries arrived from the West Indies, and related the scenes of horror they had witnessed connected with slavery. Many men also landed from India; and how striking was the change! They had gone away from their native land strong, healthy men; they returned ill, and worn down with labour and disease: they counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might win souls to Christ.

At length there was a Missionary Society formed in the town, and then we had a Missionary Meeting. I shall never forget that first Missionary Meeting: it was a great event. The Secretary came from London to preach the sermons, and Mr. Butterworth was the Chairman. Long before the commencement of the Meeting we hurried to the chapel, and secured places in the front of the gallery, that we might be able to see and hear every thing.

At length the Meeting began; the chair was taken, the Preachers and friends assembled on the platform, and we listened with breathless attention to the statements which were given of the objects of the Society, the state of the heathen world, and the good which had already been done by Missionaries. These subjects are familiar to you, my dear young friends; great pains are taken to give you every information about Missions. But it was not so in those days; and as I heard the tales of woe and misery repeated, and then saw them contrasted with the state of the Heathen when they embraced Christianity, I felt it was a blessed thing to spend and be spent in the cause of Christ.

Many years have passed since that Meeting, many changes have taken place in the church and in the world. Some of them are glorious changes. The name of Christ is now proclaimed in every part of the world; tens of thousands of souls have been made happy through the preaching of the Missionaries; hundreds of thousands of pounds are subscribed yearly to promote this object; and even children now collect their thousands for the Missionary Society. That this glorious cause may continue to increase, and that God may incline your hearts, my dear young friends, to carry on this work, when we are passed away, is the earnest prayer of

*A Missionary's Wife.*

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"I HAVE MY OWN OPINION ABOUT THAT."

At one of our Mission Stations we sometimes called upon a gentleman, far advanced in years, who was at one time Governor of the island. He always appeared glad to see us, and we now and then talked to him about religion. For a time he would listen, though he did not seem much interested in the question. On one occasion perceiving him a little more serious than usual, I recommended immediate attention to the concerns of another life, as he had been long spared, had seen his three-

score years and ten, needed the consolations of religion here, and no doubt desired also its benefits in the world to come. He surprised me by replying, "There is plenty of time for that: I hope to live ten years longer." I added, "If you should be so favoured, you cannot do better than devote these ten years to the service of God." My impression was, however, though he did not openly avow it, that he was inclined to Deism; for when he was closely pressed with argument, and had nothing better at hand, he would bring in his closing remark, "Well, but I have my own opinion about that."

One day I was accompanied by a native Missionary, who spoke plainly on the subject of personal religion, and reminded him of the certain consequences of neglecting it. He concluded his reply, as usual, with his favourite argument, "I have my own opinion about that." The native Missionary immediately replied, "But you are not allowed to have your opinion about it." "Not allowed!" said he. "No," said the Missionary: "when you were the Governor of this island, you probably punished some for not complying with your regulations, or for breaking your laws." "Yes," he said, "I did." "If one of these persons had attempted to reply to the charge, or to evade the consequences of his conduct, by saying that he had his own opinion about your laws and regulations, would you have paid any attention to that opinion, or would you have allowed him to plead his opinion in opposition to your laws?" "Certainly not." "Then, Sir, you must know God has issued his commands: he demands obedience; he threatens to punish those who disregard his will; and your own opinion will not be allowed by him as an excuse for folly, or a plea for indulgence, or an argument for the mitigation of the penalty declared."

I never saw one so completely baffled. We prayed with him, and respectfully took our leave of him.

Let young persons consider that the word of God is not to be superseded by our own fancies, or the false glosses

of others. "Let God be true, and every man a liar." Let them adhere to the law and to the testimony; for we shall be judged by it. Search the Scriptures: they bring to light immortality; they testify of Christ.

*Rev. Jonathan Cadman.*

## GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT IS GREAT GAIN.

MANY conversions have taken place, or been brought to light, since I was driven from Sweden; among which the following deserves to be known.

A wealthy proprietor of mines occupied a splendid mansion in a southern provincial town in Sweden, and was really the magnate of the neighbourhood. He always had the honour of entertaining at his dwelling any members of the Royal Family who passed that way; which frequently occurred. His lady was highly accomplished, elegant in all her deportment, and had been most delicately brought up. No evil days were anticipated by this favoured pair; but, while trusting in their uncertain riches, they lived without God in the world. By a succession of mysterious events, their riches made to themselves wings and flew away. In a few short years they were reduced to the necessity of devising some means of earning a subsistence, and this refined and delicate lady repaired to Stockholm to receive instructions in millinery and dressmaking. The providence of God so ordered it, that she went to the house of one of our despised Methodists, and agreed with her to be taught the desired arts. She listened with interest to the pious conversation of her teacher, accompanied her to the meetings conducted by Rosenius after my departure; and the good Spirit of God convinced her of sin, guided her to the Cross, where, being justified by faith, she had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Her happiness now knew no bounds; she incessantly praised God for those reverses in her worldly circumstances, which had opened her way out of darkness

his marvellous light; she had found the one thing needful, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy. "O," she would say, "I thought I was a happy woman when privileged to receive my earthly sovereign into my house; but how greatly am I now blessed, while entertaining in my heart the King of kings and Lord of lords!"

New trials, however, awaited her: she acquainted her husband with the change that had passed upon her, and urged upon his attention the things belonging to his peace. All the enmity of the carnal mind was stirred up in him, and he cursed the day his wife had ever come in contact with these Methodists, his domestic peace being now for ever destroyed. He obstinately refused to allow her to re-enter his house, unless she would give up this pietism; and she meekly turned aside to a neighbouring town, where such light was indeed much needed, and where, by all accounts, she is likely to be made a blessing to many.

*Rev. George Scott.*

### "BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US."

EVERY person can, in some way or other, promote the cause of Missions. Some can give, some can collect, and some can do both. But others, who can do neither, can pray: this is a work in which *all* can engage. And if all were to do this, we should have more givers, more Collectors, and more Missionaries, and more souls would be converted to God. "Brethren, pray for us."

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